

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3743. Vol. 144.

23 July 1927

[REGISTERED AS  
A NEWSPAPER]

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE sudden return to London of the British delegates to the Three-Power Naval Conference is a little alarming, but probably the short break in the discussions that their absence will involve will facilitate final agreement. At a time when Great Britain seemed hopelessly isolated, Mr. Hugh Gibson declared that, if London and Tokio could agree, he felt Washington would be able to fall in with their recommendations. Rather unexpectedly London and Tokio have agreed, but on a basis that makes it very difficult for Washington to live up to its word. The British delegates have substantially reduced their cruiser tonnage demand, on certain conditions regarding semi-obsolete cruisers which may prove unacceptable in the United States; they also insist that lighter cruisers should carry six-inch and not eight-inch guns. But the Americans, fearing the use to which our mercantile marine could be put in time of war, hold out for eight-inch guns. Thus the squabble over the exact meaning of parity continues and the

possibility of an Anglo-American armaments competition increases. In such circumstances it is to be hoped that a pause for reflection will enable both countries to decide on a reasonable compromise.

The suggestion that, if the naval armament discussions should prove unsatisfactory in result, the Anglo-Japanese alliance might be revived, causes thoughtful people some anxiety. There are plenty of good reasons for Anglo-Japanese amity, but alliance is quite another matter, and, to say the least, would not tend to the improvement of relations between Great Britain and the United States. As to major issues in these difficult discussions, it must always be remembered that goodwill between nations is more important than the securing of technical advantages. This is not an argument for weak compliance with every demand, but it is an argument for viewing these matters through other than purely technical spectacles.

Following the release of three German Nationalist *Frontkämpfer*, the Austrian equivalent of the Fascists, who were guilty of shooting

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two Socialists at Schattendorf, Vienna has passed through one of the worst week-ends in its history. In this country the great majority of the daily papers have offered the facile explanation that the disturbances were due to the activities of Bolshevist agitators. Only a complete ignorance of the Austrian temperament or a judgment biased by the belief that Bolshevism is a much more potent force than we believe it to be could account for this explanation. The Viennese is probably the most easy going individual in Europe, and his city is run by an expensive Socialist municipality which is bitterly hostile to Communism. The 10,000 Communists of the capital, however energetically they distributed leaflets from Moscow, could never have caused the destruction of the Ministry of Justice, and it is dangerous folly to give them all the credit for having done so.

It is true that foreign influences caused the Austrian riots, but these influences were not Russian. If Vienna is controlled by Socialists, the rest of the country is controlled by Monarchists, whose dreams of the restoration of pomp and power are encouraged by those Hungarians who aim at regaining possession of the Burgenland and by those Germans who wish to see their country stretching south to the Brenner and the Balkans. With their help the *Frontkämpfer* are a far greater danger than the Communists will ever be, and it is quite possible that, despite the wisdom shown by Mgr. Seipel, they will succeed in destroying what little is left of their country. With nearly one-third of its population concentrated in Vienna, and with tariff walls which prevent the growth of any export trade, Austria cannot continue to live. If her neighbours cannot bring themselves to abolish their trade barriers, then inevitably Austria will either unite with Germany or be the scene of an international conflict, in which Italy and other countries will endeavour to make such a union impossible.

After a long and terrible illness, King Ferdinand of Rumania has died. Fortunately, his death is not likely to lead to that civil war which seemed so probable after Prince Carol had renounced his right to ascend the throne. As long as the three members of the Regency remain quiet and submissive, M. Ion Bratianu will probably be content to govern the country as Prime Minister and leader of the Liberal Party. His political rivals will not share his feelings, but, since the Liberals control all the peasants' savings banks and have supervised the general elections so successfully that they have an immense majority in Parliament, the Opposition will probably have no opportunity, for the moment at any rate, of making itself heard. If the Prime Minister can realize that strength is not the same thing as brutality, and if he can do something to win the respect of the national minorities, and especially of the Hungarians in Transylvania, his party may quite conceivably achieve its ambition of remaining in power until the young King comes of age.

A spasm of disgust must run through the minds of sensitive people whenever the awards of the

Civil List Pensions Fund are announced. Every device that mistaken ingenuity can conceive for the humiliation of the recipients is pressed into service. The ostensible purpose of the pensions is to reward those, or the dependents of those, who have given their services in some valuable national cause. A grateful country, and the richest, or the next to the richest, in the world, marks its recognition by the grant of pensions the size of which is nearly useless and positively insulting. A medical man who has devoted his life to experimentation with X-rays, with the result that he has lost the major part of both his hands and is thereby reduced to impotence as a practitioner, is rewarded with the princely sum of £50 per annum. The crowning insult is provided by the deduction of income-tax at source; the pensioner has to claim back the deduction "through the usual channels." It is scandalous enough that fine work should be so inadequately, almost impertinently, rewarded, and in a way that involves much distasteful publicity; it is nothing short of a disgrace that pensioners should be subjected to all the trouble and indignity of claiming back, in the tortuous manner familiar to taxpayers, the sums deducted from these puny honours.

In 1914, two officials in the Adjutant-General's department managed to look after the distribution of medals; in 1927, it appears from the report of the Select Committee on Estimates, thirty-five are needed for the task. The number of officials employed in the secretariat of the Permanent Under-Secretary for War has risen from 151 to 226. And so on and so forth. Allowing for the fact that in certain respects the Army has become more technical, and that a great deal of reorganization has been going on, it is clear that there is considerable extravagance at the War Office. Lest it should be supposed, however, that civil expenditure is in favourable contrast, we may cite, out of several instances of apparently unbusinesslike administration, the British Museum's contract for binding. The amount involved is not vast, but for twenty years no attempt has been made to secure an alternative tender. Economy is on the lips of all politicians, but few are the departments which seriously strive for it.

None of M. Poincaré's previous Sunday sermons quite comes up to the speech he made last week in Brussels. If the newspaper reports are correct he said not one word about the deeds of the British army in Flanders, but he made, on the other hand, the astonishing declaration that France would carry on the policy of Locarno "on condition that our security is guaranteed." The British Government has never before given any guarantee in Europe comparable with that given by Sir Austen Chamberlain at Locarno, and unless M. Poincaré's object was not only to provoke Germany but also to insult Great Britain, it is difficult to see what his Brussels speech means, especially as the Belgians have better reason than any other people to know that a British promise of assistance is not without value. It is perhaps just as well that Sir



Austen Chamberlain proposes shortly to visit Berlin; some such step is needed to counteract the utterances of M. Poincaré and to strengthen Herr Stresemann against his own Nationalists, who naturally enough would now have him demand of France the immediate evacuation of the Rhineland.

People are fond enough of talking of the immense educational possibilities of the kinema, although they leave the industry in the hands of men who do not know what education means. Hitherto films have been useful mainly to coloured agitators, who like to pretend that the morality of white people in ordinary life is that of the white people portrayed on the screen, and to one-hundred-per-cent. Americans who are anxious to prove that they won the war. Now, however, there is to be an interesting development, for it is announced that several of the more important film producers in America have been given military rank in return for their promise "to make more martial subjects as propaganda for the War Branch of the Government," and "to combat pacifist doctrines." One is reminded of a cartoon that appeared some years ago in the German paper *Simplicissimus*, showing a frock-coated orator disarming, in the cause of peace, a martial figure that stood beside him and doffing one by one the weapons and armour he had snatched from the militarist.

By the time these words are read, Captain Courtney, the Englishman who is attempting a there-and-back flight of the Atlantic, may be on his way. At the time of writing, however, it seems more probable that he will have to postpone his venture rather longer, since weather conditions have grown less favourable. The object of Captain Courtney's attempt is severely practical, and for that reason has a special importance. He does not propose any spectacular non-stop flight; his purpose is to prove the feasibility in a reasonably near future of a regular transatlantic air service. Readers of this REVIEW will remember an article that he wrote in these columns some weeks ago on the subject of air transport, pointing out that the mere fact of not stopping between the departure and objective points has no real significance: the great point is to get there as quickly as possible, and provided that is done, it does not matter how often landings are effected *en route*. That is a principle of air transport which has been obscured of late by the sensational non-stop "records" set up by successive Atlantic airmen. Captain Courtney proposes to land for refuelling twice during his outward journey to New York, and once on the return journey. This is at once to lessen the hazards of the venture and to increase the useful load of his machine. And since safety and carrying capacity are the two main considerations of transport, the practical importance of his flight is manifest.

The sale of the *Daily Chronicle* is a very remarkable affair. With the purely financial aspect of the deal we should not concern ourselves if it were not that Mr. Lloyd George occupies his position in public life. That a man with his record and his aspirations should, by a single deal, become possessed of £2,900,000 in cash and shares, without any

explanation as to whether he is possessed of it as sole owner or as trustee of party funds, cannot but excite comment. However, what mainly concerns us is that, by one of the conditions of sale, the paper is bound to support his policy. That an owner should cause his paper to be conducted in accordance with his own views is the most natural thing in the world, but that a paper should be bound to advocacy of the policy of its ex-owner is decidedly curious. The *Daily Chronicle* is an important paper on any democratic view of politics; it is found in every hairdresser's shop in the country; and it is really of some moment to gentlemen waiting for a shave to have an explanation from Mr. Lloyd George.

The idea that there is something improper in the Foreign Secretary deputizing for the Prime Minister is ill-founded. If Chancellors of the Exchequer have seemed the natural deputies, that is only because Foreign Secretaries have so often been in the House of Lords and thus hardly available. But, with the utmost respect for Sir Austen Chamberlain, we are not sure that the best deputy has been appointed. A deputy is apt to be regarded as a successor designate. Had the choice fallen on Lord Balfour, as it was rumoured it would, a suggestion which no Conservative wishes to discuss would have been avoided. Lord Balfour would have been regarded by all sections of the party simply as a deputy; Sir Austen may be viewed by some as an aspirant.

Piccadilly is to be relaid, and for no less than four months the whole of the traffic normally pouring through it is to be stopped. This, at a time when London has so many visitors, is quite intolerable; and we take the opportunity to inquire whether, in regard to London streets as a whole, some more scientific principle of construction cannot be adopted. As Mr. Campbell Swinton, a sound authority, has been pointing out, at present streets are laid as if there would never be disturbance of the surface. Seeing that water, gas, electricity and other mains need frequent attention, and that renewal of the surface, under modern conditions, cannot long be postponed, it is surely necessary to devise some method whereby streets could be taken up sectionally and rapidly, and without the horror of mechanical drilling.

To-day the Prince of Wales, Prince George and Mr. Baldwin leave Southampton to take part in the Jubilee celebrations of the Federation of the Dominion of Canada. The devotion of the Royal Family to their Imperial duties is one of its most admirable attributes, and one which has, in the persons of the Prince and his brothers been very remarkably exemplified. That the Prime Minister should devote the leisure days of a recess following a strenuous session to a visit of this kind is greatly to his credit. The formidable nature of the programme arranged for these distinguished visitors to the Dominion is proof enough that their visit will be no relaxation. None the less, we hope that the Prince will find time for some personal recreation in the latter part of his trip, when he is to visit his ranch, and that Mr. Baldwin may find refreshment in change of scene.

## SHALL WE BETRAY INDIA?

THE fitness of Indian politicians for the use of parliamentary machinery cannot be made the sole consideration when the question of what more shall be conceded them in 1929 is under debate. We must turn our minds, as Lord Winterton to some extent, but timidly, did in his speech on the India Office vote on July 9, away from the purely political to the social facts about India. This is not, at bottom, a question of more self-government, of complete self-government for politicians so adroit and eloquent as many of the leaders of the Indian legislatures are. It is a question of complete self-government for a people suffering from the most shocking social evils, in which the majority of those politicians acquiesce, which some of them defend, for which hardly any of them have attempted to propound practical remedies.

What we have to ask ourselves is whether complete self-government can be given to those who permit sixty million of their fellow countrymen to remain untouchables: pariahs condemned inexorably, generation after generation, to the most despised occupations, creatures whose mere presence pollutes the Brahmin politician, outcasts who may neither draw water from the village well nor send their children to the village school. Are we, by granting complete self-government, to arrest the slow and painful process by which, here and there, those unhappy millions are being raised to citizenship? Are we to withdraw while the lot of Indian women is no better, knowing that the Indian politicians for whom we make way are men in the main pledged to the perpetuation of a system which inflicts horrible sufferings alike on child-wives doomed to maternity at ten or eleven or twelve years of age and on child-widows precluded from remarriage? Are we to hand over responsibility for the physical welfare of three-fourths of the Empire's population to those who already divert public funds to the preposterous Aruvedic and Unani systems of medicine, to legislators who, themselves outwardly cultured, allow their own womenfolk to endure the horrors of traditional Indian midwifery, and who in so great and relatively enlightened a city as Madras can see no harm in meeting the discrepancy between the demand for and the supply of germ-free water by mixing sewage with the elaborately filtered water? Can we, in giving those people full freedom to rule, give them full freedom to continue systems and habits which result in degradation so abject, in sufferings so great, in a death-rate so high as the observer finds in India? Having brought the debased sections of India's vast population from hell to a purgatory lit by some pale ray of hope, can we say we will now hand them over to the inventors of that hell?

Those who are at all moved by such questions should hasten to study the picture of Indian social conditions given in the very courageous book, 'Mother India,' by an independent American critic, Miss Katherine Mayo.\* We are not taking Miss Mayo's statements on trust. Much of the material on which she bases her indictment of the worst features of Hindu society has been familiarly known to us for years. At almost every

point we can confirm her. That which she says in her book has been said by hundreds of British administrators, women doctors working in India, missionaries, and by not a few high-minded Indians; but by them it has been said privately, and she is the first to present that material comprehensively to the public. Her book, though occasionally neglectful of the brighter aspects of Indian life, is substantially true, and it is abundantly documented by quotations from leading Indian public men as well as from official publications. It is a book to be read even though the effect on the reader will be one of nightmare.

The central fact in Hindu life, as she shows, and as everyone with Indian experience is aware, is sex. The average Hindu girl looks for motherhood, if legalized rape has not destroyed capacity for it, nine months after reaching puberty. From infancy she has been living in an atmosphere charged with sexual ideas. In her religious life she has been familiarized with the grossest symbols of sex, with the phallic emblem of Siva, with the carvings on the walls of temples in which every mode of sexual contact is depicted. India has its law against traffic in obscenity, but it has also a saving clause, very necessary to the Hindu mind, whereby that law does not operate against "any book, pamphlet, writing, drawing or painting kept or used *bona fide* for religious purposes or any representation sculptured or engraved on or in any temple or on any car used for the conveyance of idols." And that saving clause is no survival from a darker age; it dates from 1925. Familiarized in every way but one with sex long before puberty, growing up in a society in which premarital pubescence is regarded as a sin, the child is delivered over to a husband, who may be fifty, without legal protection. In 1891, by a desperate effort, the age of consent within marriage was raised from ten to twelve; attempts to raise it higher have been met by bitter opposition from most orthodox Hindus. Later consummation of marriage is becoming slightly less exceptional in highly cultured Hindu circles, but against this and other improvements must be set one of the most peculiar and disheartening of Indian social facts.

While there is some little improvement in the lot of Indian women of the upper classes, the lower classes, when and where they seek to rise, adopt earlier marriage and the prohibition of widow remarriage for the reasons that the parvenu in Europe apes the usages of his social betters. It is the boast of the caste system that it has made the individual social climber impossible; but it has encouraged whole communities to rise, not in the ways that matter, but by putting women into *purdah*, by child marriage, by prohibition of widow remarriage. And the bearing of this on the question of self-government for India, unperceived by Miss Mayo's keen eyes, is important. If political power be given to a predominantly Brahmin Government, the tendency will continue. Aspiring lower castes will go on imposing on themselves the worst usages of those who govern.

India, or, rather Hindu India, for Mohammedan minority is in a much more wholesome condition, is breeding from children, and under the pressure of modern conditions the offspring of such unions cannot stand up. For hygiene she has no care. The sacred places at Benares, where pilgrims

\* 'Mother India.' By Katherine Mayo. Cape. 10s. 6d.



bathe for purification and whence they bear away Ganges water for home use, are, as to the water, sewage and, as to the river banks, accumulated excrement. For education a small proportion of her people care passionately, chiefly with a view to employment in the bureaucracy or at the Bar, but the enormous majority are illiterate, and since it is impossible to employ women as teachers in the villages, female illiteracy will not be much diminished in half a century. A misguided Nationalism has turned educated Indians, who, thirty years ago, were usually somewhat critical of their social system and intellectual heritage, into blind partisans of everything Indian, be it good or bad. Yet here and there an Indian is found urging his countrymen along the path of social reform; here and there is some sign of concern for the untouchables, for maltreated Indian womanhood. The "reforms" of 1919 have aroused intense feeling between Hindus and Mohammedans, but that need not be increased in bitterness if we refrain from throwing them something to scramble for. There are some hopeful things in India as well as many to make the bravest despair. But the basic fact is that India is not socially fit for self-government. And her social evils are found in their worst forms among precisely those who would be given political power, the Hindus, not among these more virile peoples who would challenge the power of the Brahmin oligarchy. Surely it is incumbent on this country to postpone political concessions until social conditions improve, until there is some guarantee that the new powers given to Indians will not be used to perpetuate the gross evils at which we have glanced. We must not betray India under pretext of giving her a political boon.

### THE FEDERAL IDEA

IT is curious how often in the course of this week the federal idea has cropped up in one form or another as the subject of discussion. On Tuesday Mr. Amery was discussing a project for a new Federation of East Africa, which is to embrace Northern Rhodesia, Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda—a magnificent scheme. On the same day some indignant Scottish Socialists raised a discussion on the Act of Union with Scotland, and, in so far as they allowed us to comprehend their highly sentimental grievance, left us to infer that they would have preferred a federal union with England to one which abolished the local Parliaments. On another day this week Parliament was discussing the resolutions of the Economic Conference at Geneva, some sanguine Liberals were looking forward to the recognition by all Europe of the principles of international free trade, and the more practical were speculating whether the outcome was likely to be a new commercial federation of Central and South Eastern Europe, with Germany at its head, and a new *Zollverein* as its bond of unity. And to complete the catalogue, Mr. Baldwin is going to Canada to join in the jubilee celebration of the Canadian Federation.

Our own time has seen two remarkably successful applications of the Federal idea, in the union of South Africa and in the creation of the

Australian Commonwealth. The League of Nations is itself a rudimentary form of federation, not, indeed, for the purposes of administration, but for concerting common action in defence of common interests—notably, the preservation of peace. It is a difficult and deceptive task to try to reduce the complicated details of contemporary history to general ideas, but it certainly looks as though federalism in one form or another were one of the governing political motives of our age.

Despite the exceptions that we have mentioned, it is not one of the ideas in which this country has given the lead to the rest of the world. The United States, rather than England, has been the main exponent of the principle; our own attitude towards it has been uncertain and confused. What we call the Union here is indeed a negation of the federal idea. Some of the opposition to the Union of the English and Scottish Parliaments in Queen Anne's days came from a small group of Scottish Federalists, who would have preferred the two countries to keep their separate parliaments, with a federal Parliament for the interests that they had in common. Probably the actual settlement was better, but it is obvious that had the federal idea prevailed it would have extended, as a matter of course, to Ireland, and saved us from the long quarrel about Home Rule for Ireland. Gladstone made almost every conceivable mistake in his conduct of his great campaign for Irish Home Rule, but one of the worst of his mistakes was that he did not give sufficient consideration to the idea of federal union of the United Kingdom. When that idea had become definitely naturalized here, it was too late to apply it in a practical form. The same neglect is apparent in our Imperial policy. A British Alexander Hamilton in the middle of the nineteenth century, when our second Colonial Empire was being built up, would undoubtedly have made the mould of a future federal constitution of the whole. As Disraeli once said, the grant of self government to the Colonies (as they were then called) should not have been absolute, but made subject to an Imperial *Zollverein* which, thirty years before Mr. Joseph Chamberlain went to the Colonial Office, might not only have been practicable but even popular, and would have saved us no end of trouble later. But the English political genius has always specialized in the idea of local freedom and left the union of the parts to be secured by invisible moral links rather than by legal and constitutional provisions.

When Mr. Amery was discussing the project of East African Federation on Tuesday it was obvious that the history of South Africa, of which he has made a profound study, was all the time at the back of his mind. The modern troubles in South Africa began with an attempt by that enlightened Conservative, Lord Carnarvon, to carry out his idea of a Federal South Africa. The Zulu and the first Boer wars interrupted the work, the Liberals, always in their zeal for local liberty a little cold towards federal union, reversed the policy, and it needed a great uprising of Imperialist sentiment in this country, a long and costly war, and, it must be added, the genius of the Liberal Campbell-Bannerman in the settlement after the war, to prepare the way for the accomplishment, nearly forty years later, of the federalism for which Lord Carnarvon worked.

Mr. Amery had obviously the history of South Africa in mind again when he reminded us that we could not, at this distance, impose a native policy on the white settlers, but must associate them with us in the discharge of our trust. Still less could we repeat in East Africa the error made in South Africa of setting up a dyarchy under which the Imperial Government was the sole guardian of native interests, while the local white population remained in charge of its own government. The details of the settlement to which Mr. Amery is looking forward in East Africa have still to be arranged; but evidently it is to be on federal lines suggested by our somewhat sad experience in South Africa. It will be interesting to see how the great experiment works out in the conditions of East Africa, which differ alike from West Africa, where the civilization must be dominantly black, and from South Africa, where it is definitely white. East Africa is a compromise between those two conditions.

The settlement which broke up the Austrian Empire after the war is another example of our English neglect of the federal idea, and the mistake is the more remarkable because it was aided and abetted by American negotiators who ought to have known better. When we look back, it is obvious that the right solution in South Eastern Europe would have been some form of federal union. After race passions had been aroused by the war, the powers delegated to the constituent States would necessarily have been exceedingly large, and those reserved by the Central Federal authority correspondingly small. But it was a tragic mistake to divide up a great economic unity into a number of constituent parts, each enjoying complete independence, with separate customs, separate civil service and separate economic policies. The mistake, no doubt, will be remedied, and it is notable that the most active support of the economic resolutions at Geneva came from Austria, the chief sufferer under the war settlement, and Czecho-Slovakia, the industrial centre of what was once the Austro-Hungarian Empire. If the conversion to the ideas of free trade be genuine, no matter how many qualifications and reserves may be made in its application, some form of *Zollverein* in that part of the world is inevitable. And if the idea is practicable in the fierce welter of hostile nationalities which composed the old Dual Monarchy, there is no reason why it should not be successful elsewhere—for example among the new Baltic States, or in the Balkan Peninsula, or possibly in some rudimentary form of the United States of Europe. The ideal settlement is one that combines national "self determination" of races with respect for geographical and economic facts, and the vice of our political settlements in accordance with racial distribution is that they slash lines across continents, regardless of economic facts and of the practical efficiency of government. It is, on the other hand, one of the merits of the federal idea that it can combine local and racial independence with safeguards for those interests which all the constituent States have in common. Political students will watch very closely the development of the federal idea in Europe, for it may well be more rapid than is generally expected.

## THE RELIGION OF ADVERTISING

THE day when it was the custom to deride advertising is gone by; all but the most reactionary now pay it the compliment of acknowledging its power and usefulness. All equally acknowledge that in the last twenty years, and particularly in the last ten, advertising has enormously improved both as a science and as an art. Many of the horrors of hoarding and newspaper have vanished, though many remain; the general level of artistic merit is much higher, and the best is very good. The increase in public respect for advertising has gone with an increase in quality, and is deserved; but the general attitude has proceeded from one extreme to the other. Whereas there was before an inclination to regard advertising with contempt, there is now a tendency to hold it in undue veneration.

The Advertising Convention that assembled at Olympia during this week had, within certain limits, a most useful purpose. What tended to spoil it and make it seem rather comic to outsiders were the excessive claims made for it and for the business of advertising generally by some of those engaged in the work. And not only by those engaged in the work. To judge by the raptures of adulation in which the leading articles on the Convention in some of the daily papers indulged, one would form the conclusion that advertising has become the most important and one of the most elevating movements of the modern world. Since newspapers are dependent upon advertising for their profits this attitude of homage is perhaps excusable, but it is certainly amusing.

To put your goods effectively "across" is a worthy enough object—and that, whatever they may pretend to themselves or to others, is what advertisers are, or should be, primarily concerned to do; to suggest that in so doing you are performing a public act of philanthropy is either cant or self-deception. But this is the implication of much of the rubbish that is nowadays talked about advertising. A whole new jargon of commercial "uplift" has been called into existence to justify and exalt the new conception. The very accents of ecclesiasticism are creeping into the vocabulary of publicity; the trappings of sacerdotalism beatify its functions. There is a great deal of solemn talk about "service"; the language of the pulpit is employed for the parade of moral platitudes. We like to think of Sir Charles Higham in the rôle of Revivalist or Sir William Crawford garbed in the robes of a High Priest of Publicity. A new ritual has been devised, a commercial freemasonry, of which the motto is "each for all and all for each." Altruism exudes from every pore, there is a very plethora of idealism. In the fervour of this new revelation it would almost seem to have been overlooked that the fundamental basis of advertising is competition, and that "each for himself" is the inescapable motto of all competitors.

The development is perfectly natural. It is also sharply significant. The instinct of mankind to exalt whatever he believes in persists in our material age. The essential mysticism of



the human soul will not be denied an outlet, even among the scissors and paste of the advertising business. Commerce is our twentieth-century religion, and it is no more than natural that its devotees should wrap it round with the ritual of divinity. In the Middle Ages men put their best into Christian works of art; their finest buildings were cathedrals. To-day our finest buildings are banks and shops and office blocks. They are still cathedrals; but the religion has been changed.

All the same, this particular thing is rather heavily overdone. It is probably no more than a pathetic example of self-delusion, but it makes its sufferers appear rather foolish. It also, we should imagine, wastes a good deal of their energy and time. There is nothing to be ashamed of in advertising, and there seems no reason why elaborate attempts should be made to pretend that it is something other than it is. Advertisers should concentrate on the legitimate and indeed very laudable pursuit of selling goods to the public. Heroics only make them look silly.

## THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

*House of Commons, Thursday*

THE elaborate precautions for the protection of the public purse, which our ancestors in their wisdom designed, are apt in practice to prove very wearisome to their descendants. Whether a Finance Bill provokes much or little opposition it is doomed to toil through the same tedious stages until it reaches the third reading. Every proposal is discussed over and over again, and as the wit of members is not commensurate with their prolixity the same arguments are repeated many times, and are many times met by the same counter arguments. The Chancellor of the Exchequer endeavours gallantly to introduce novelty wherever possible, and has certainly discovered the record number of different ways in which to say "no." Lord Chatham once moved the House to laughter by opening his speech with the words, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker." Mr. Churchill performed a similar feat on Monday, when, having spent a dismal afternoon in refusing to accept one dreary amendment after another, he began his reply to the demand for penny cheques with the words "Alexander the Great, Mr. Deputy Speaker, said that the people of Asia were slaves because they could not pronounce the word 'No,' but His Majesty's Government upon this occasion must be careful not to display such a lamentable disability."

The opposition to the Finance Bill has come, this year, principally from the Conservative benches, and it has not been opposition of a very formidable nature. Sir John Marriott, one of the most truculent of the Government's critics, is more impressive on the platform of a lecture hall than in his seat in the House of Commons. He is not the first, nor will he be the last, distinguished professor who has failed to make his mark upon the most irreverent of all assemblies where scholastic attainments are never allowed to compensate for a pontifical manner.

Mr. Herbert Williams, of Reading, who has to a large extent made himself the spokesman of the business world, is one of the more interesting of the rising generation. He has nothing in common with those

who are generally called the Young Conservatives—except that he is young and that he is a Conservative. He has not had their educational advantages, but what he lacks in learning he makes up for in self-confidence, which is a quality that makes less for popularity than for success. He is forcible and clear in statement, he is admirably equipped with accurate statistics and is never at a loss for a retort, added to which he is not dull and can exasperate his opponents without losing his own equanimity.

Sir Frank Meyer is another of those who have considerably delayed the peaceful passage of the Budget. He also is a comparatively young man who won a Liberal seat at the last election. Hitherto he has devoted gifts which are certainly above the average to objects which seem hardly worthy of them, and his friends look forward to the time when he will concern himself with matters of greater importance than chocolates for playgoers and half-bottles for grocers.

On Monday Mr. Amery made his last appearance before setting forth on his imperial tour. Mr. Thomas, while wishing him a pleasant journey, could not resist a reference to the similar expedition which he himself had undertaken when in office, and from which he returned to find the Government that had sent him out no longer in existence. The future of East Africa formed the principal subject of discussion, and, assisted by the able and expert testimony of Sir Sydney Henn and Sir Robert Hamilton, the Colonial Office had an easy task and secured their vote without a division. It is a good sign of the appreciation by the Labour Party of the responsibilities of Empire that debates on imperial topics are usually amicable and often useful.

At half-past-six the House was gravely discussing the dim possibilities of the creation at some future date of a Tropical Dominion in the African continent, at a quarter to seven it was plunged into a heated debate on the merits and the methods of the Act of Union between England and Scotland in the year 1707. If then the ghosts of two centuries ago had revisited the scenes of their Parliamentary labours they might have imagined that nothing had happened in the interval, for they would have heard the subjects of King George V discussing, not without passion, the problems and the personalities of the subjects of Queen Anne. Was Lockhart of Carnwarth a traitor, or was he a high-minded patriot? Who had had the better of the argument, Lord Belhaven or the Earl of Mar? Who dared to say (to Mr. James Brown) that Fletcher of Saltoun was ever a Jacobite? And Labour Members, forgetting the class warfare in their passionate interest in the history of their own country, supplied the prefix of "His Grace" when speaking of dukes who had been dead for two hundred years.

The Labour Party put up a gallant fight for the lost cause of Scottish independence and as Mr. Tom Johnston, who is an orator, warmed to his subject, it was easy to imagine him as one of those who would have fallen with Dundee at Killiecrankie, or as one of those thousands of poor and humble people, to whom he himself referred, who never sought to win the prize that was set upon the head of the royal fugitive. Mr. Buchan, who almost repeated the success of his first performance, supplied a suitable antidote in the shape of true history, sound sense and unanswerable argument, with the result that when it came to a division many of the Labour Party, as well as all the Liberals, supported the Government, and so we may consider that the repeal of the Union is indefinitely postponed.

FIRST CITIZEN

## RADIO REVIEWED

BY IVOR BROWN

**M**Y wireless set is broken and neither I nor any other person who might profit by its repair can be discovered in a state of mourning or in any frantic bustle of domestic craftsmanship. The thing lies there, a casualty which touches nobody's conscience or affection, and we are too lazy to bring a stretcher or to summon first aid. I have a suspicion that a considerable number of wireless sets are suffering similar indignities; they may not be left with a fractured limb or an attack of valvular disease, but they are dishonoured by neglect. In nearly all the households of my acquaintance the radio outfit lingers on like one of those organs which were once in use but are now functionless obstructions or danger-points in the human body. One may say that the wireless set had become the appendix of the dining-room, but the appendix can at least be vexatious whereas the headphones or loud speaker are harmless until provoked. I suggest that there are now in the country as many wireless sets which are scarcely ever used as there are implements in constant service.

The extent to which wireless is employed from hour to hour is an interesting mystery. I cannot certainly tell how many people read my last book; but I can guess the lamentable truth from an exact knowledge of how few people bought it. The manager of a theatre or cinema or concert-hall knows his takings to a penny and the makers of gramophone records have their complete lists of sales. But with broadcasting nobody knows. Anyone who has bought a set and continues to pay a third of a penny a day is reckoned as "a listener." I go on paying for my licence because it is cheap and because it may come in useful some day. There might be an invalid in the house who found "radio revels" preferable to the evening paper. Anything might happen. But I am certainly not a listener and I strongly suspect that about half the horde which is scheduled as listeners does not listen either. Occasionally, perhaps, we tap the stream. But it turns out to be the observations of Dr. Goof on the minor diseases of the potato and then, when the puppy has amused himself with the apparatus, we forget to have it mended. Luckily for Dr. Goof he only knows that there are so many million listeners; a blessed darkness overhangs the number that is actually listening to him.

What made us join up? Curiosity, I suppose. As a form of entertainment wireless is preposterously cheap—if it does entertain. It was not like buying one of those enormously costly and troublesome labour-saving devices which keep you cleaning and mending them for the rest of your life. We risked little; we expected little; and we have received an odd variety of results. If we are wise, we do not grumble or start slanging the officials of the B.B.C. There are now in England and Ireland seventeen issuing stations which maintain an output of audible matter for nearly twelve hours a day throughout the year. Much of it may be relaid; none the less, the quantity is prodigious and the problem of finding a bare sufficiency of spoutable stuff must be appalling. To expect quality in proportion to quantity is absurd. If I were challenged to produce a good day's programme for a single day for half a dozen stations, I should simply give it up. Of course you can always collar a thing which is good in its own way and then reproduce it as a wireless version or travesty. But, for my own part, I do not want second-bests and third-bests. I refuse to "listen-in" to plays which were written for the visible stage. I have in the past applied my ears to the broadcast dramas but never for long. The thing is too silly. It appears to me logical to demand that a play should be acted in the medium for which it

was written. It is always possible to produce a "stunt" effect by doing something quite cleverly with the wrong implement. A man might collect a crowd by attempting cricket with a sword instead of a bat or by playing the fiddle with his teeth, and he may be a genuine virtuoso in these directions. None the less, I prefer ordinary cricket and ordinary fiddling and I regard the attempt to broadcast stage-plays as somewhat similar to freak performances with freak implements. But you may object that there are plays written specially for wireless performance. The B.B.C. used to specialize in dramas composed for the express purpose of introducing as many strange noises as possible. Could childishness go further? If the wireless playwright rejects this kind of nonsense, can he turn out anything which might not just as well be taken as read?

The ingenious people of the B.B.C. keep racking their wits and let us listen to many mysteries. We can now be armchair critics of the hyæna or the night-gale; perhaps one evening we shall be permitted to hear the observations of a racing greyhound on discovering that all that gallops is not hare. Or else they introduce us to a race-crowd at Epsom in order that we may discover anew that not every bookmaker is a whispering baritone. But adventures of this kind are wearing thin and I sympathize deeply with those who have to continue procuring noises to which the majority of listeners will omit to listen. Of course the B.B.C. will go on with its musical programmes and the public will be divided into those who say that the best musical effects are entirely spoiled by transmission and those who prefer staying at home to attending concerts. But what else is there for broadcasting to do? Its harassed directors are now having "readings" from the classics. Why should anyone instal machinery in his house in order slowly to listen to that which he can quickly and comfortably read? The truth of the matter is that man's ingenuity has contrived and nearly perfected a cunning system of new communications. Man is now in the embarrassing position of finding that he has not enough to communicate. First of all we invent wireless; then we have to scourge ourselves through the toil of inventing something for wireless to do.

Broadcasting has ceased to be a novelty and the days when people would listen for listening's sake are over. The ecstasy of "getting Berlin" may suffice a twelve-year-old for a day or two, but it cannot be a joy for ever, and for those who have passed the school age to be continually fiddling with the apparatus is an ephemeral entertainment. The result is that we can now see the radio service in perspective. It is no longer an excitement: is it a utility? The answer, in my opinion, is that the benefits which it confers on lonely, isolated, or impoverished people are its chief claims to permanence. It has already invaded the countryside with results generally approved by countrymen. They do not have to wait till Sunday in order to learn Saturday's football and racing results. The receipt of these at the inn along with the first pint on Saturday evening is, I have discovered, highly popular. As I like people to enjoy themselves and strongly object to highbrows who lecture rustics on how to be truly rural, I am naturally gratified by this contribution of wireless to the scanty felicity of our under-paid farm-hands. Moreover, if I was bedridden I should certainly like to have wireless available and if I inhabited a lone shieling in the Hebrides I believe that Flotsam and Jetsam, John Henry and the sporting results might genially mitigate the austere monotonies of the Celtic mist.

But can one really say that broadcasting has an increasing part to play in the amenities of normal, urban, civilized life? I think not. The programmes of today are like elongated penny readings with orchestral variations and, when I look at the long list, my mind's eye sees the vicar in the chair and a local con-



cert party in menacing preparation. Or else the programmes simply offer you that which you get much more conveniently elsewhere. Distinguished critics like Mr. Agate and Mr. McCarthy will tell me in fifteen minutes what I would far sooner read in five. I note that a few minutes hence I can, if I choose, listen to a reading from White on Selborne: I do not choose. I have the book. Nor, late at night, should I attend to a lecture on Balkan capitals. Broadcasting, as I see it, is destined to become and to remain a useful transmitter of substitutes and its main appeal will be to those who cannot have access to the real thing. That is the limitation under which the B.B.C. will have to work. While controversial matter is barred, many of its discursive items are likely to be a tepid dish of class-room platitudes. It has so vast a potential number of listeners that it will bore the better-informed and more critical. It may perform invaluable service by enabling housewives to retain domestic servants at the cost of a licence and a kitchen installation. It will appease the boredom of the sick-bed and mitigate the monotony of the cottage. But I cannot see that it offers the townsman anything which he cannot get in a better way elsewhere. The B.B.C. is to be congratulated on what it has done in building up its vast service, but can it find anything new to serve? I have my doubts. Again I scan to-day's programme and again I foresee that I shall forget to have my set mended. Of course, any programme is cheap at a third of a penny, and that is a consideration which will always save wireless from oblivion. But the proof of the pudding is in the not eating, and the abstainers, I believe, are becoming a multitude.

## ON LAUGHTER

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

I READ the other day in a quotation from the Letters of Lord Chesterfield (I trust and hope it was from the letters) a phrase about laughter which stuck in my memory and which therefore I cannot give you word for word, for the memory transforms all things; and that is its proper province, seeing that Memory is the creator of legend and the maker of happiness for men, causing as she does, all things to pass into a golden mist.

Well then, as I was saying, the phrase was somewhat to this effect, "Audible laughter is unworthy of a gentleman, for the sound of it is unpleasant and the contortion of the features ridiculous." I will not deceive you. I did not read this in the book itself, I saw it in a newspaper. I will not boast. But on the other hand I will not be hypocritically humble and pretend that I have not read the Letters of Lord Chesterfield, for I have. I bought a second-hand copy from a bookstall in an English seaport town a year ago. I took it out to sea with me, and very good I found them. Lord Chesterfield seems to have been one of those men who worked like a carpenter to a mark. He did not bother himself with general ideas like Vauvenargues, or that pasty-faced Marcus Aurelius. No, he said to himself, "What ought I to do for this unfortunate son of mine in his peculiar position—what advice ought I to give?" And he gave it (in my judgment) very well and directly.

Read him on clothes in particular; he is first-rate. I recommend every illegitimate son of a very rich pompous father to read those letters.

They are of value to us all; even those of us who are of the base, legitimate, middle classes.

Well then, that is what Lord Chesterfield said about laughter. Perhaps he himself sometimes laughed; but he did not want his illegitimate son to laugh, and that was just as well. If I choose to laugh quite loudly or "audibly" (as his Lordship would have said) both at Lord Chesterfield and his son, that is my business; but I warn you that I shall continue to do so, not only at Lord Chesterfield and his son, but at a good many other things; because, however much I may dislike the noise made by the laughter of others, I have no objection whatever to my own; when I perceive that this in its turn causes annoyance to third parties I remain indifferent. As for the contortion of the features, I answer, what were features made for? It is by their contortion in a greater or lesser degree that we convey emotion from soul to soul; a very noble part for any mere material things to have to play, and I hope the features are proud of it. School boys are told that Hobbes said "Laughter is a sudden glory." (I hope he did—I'm not going to look it up, for the weather has turned fine again and I am in no mood for research.) Schoolboys being told this think it is nonsense and means nothing. They are quite right. There is a better definition of laughter which I will now give you without looking up any book. I make it up entirely out of my own head for the advantage of my fellow beings. Note it carefully; indeed you would do well to write it down. Genuine laughter is the physical effect produced in the rational being by what suddenly strikes him as being damned funny. This is a first-rate definition.

Observe its admirable qualities. First of all it is circular, as all definitions should be, for the word "funny" is a begging of the question; and since all definitions must ultimately go back to postulates which cannot be proved or themselves defined, why not begin at the beginning and make your indefinable definition at once? I see no harm in it. After all, it is what the lawyers do when they say that "a reasonable rate of interest" is deemed to be "a rate of interest not unreasonable under the circumstances." Or again, "reasonable care" is the care which any reasonable man will take—and so on. But apart from its being circular this definition pleases me because its various parts are so beautifully adjusted.

Thus, consider the word "sudden," the only one in which I overlap with Hobbes. We do not laugh out loud at a joke which we have known all our lives, however good it is. We chuckle or snigger—we do not laugh. If an old gentleman slips getting out of a bus and falls down on the road, you laugh; if another does the same thing five minutes after, you do not laugh so much. The third time you might even take the trouble to pick the old gentleman up and be kind to him. The fourth time the accident would seem tragic.

Again, you may read in the accounts of political speeches "loud laughter," but never (save in our humbugging daily papers) do you get loud laughter unless the politician has made some mistake. I have heard loud laughter at politicians in my time but never at their jokes, which are always carefully prepared. I remember hearing it once in the House of Commons when a "Distinguished Statesman"—for so he would have called himself

—was attempting to pronounce the word "abominable." It was after dinner and the atmosphere of the House of Commons is like nothing on earth. I do not mean that it is worse than anything on earth, though certainly it is worse, I mean that it has a secret of its own for reducing vitality. Well, anyhow, this great man tried that word "abominable" from several points of the compass—now he tried "Adominable," then "Abdominable," "Anombibubble," and anon "Andomodle." At the end he looked up, cleared his throat, and said in the most distinct resonant fashion, separating each syllable, "Abom—in—able." But by that time he had forgotten what it was that he had called abominable. It was all very distressing and I hope does not happen to-day. I am talking of the bad old times of my early middle age, when the House of Commons had something ridiculous and degraded about it.

But why all this insufficient rambling stuff about laughter, which I ought to have begun by compressing as it deserves to be compressed? It is the greatest gift a man can have. Loud, happy, repeated and unrestrained laughter will never disturb a soul approaching damnation. It is not even to be found in the unhappy of this world. I except, of course, what is called forced laughter, such as the rich foolishly indulge in. As for laughter on the stage, I blame none for producing it. They have to earn their living; it is about as much like real laughter as the synthetic or imperial burgundies are like a stuff called Vosne; which, if you have not drunk it, why then you should.

I go back to my definition—laughter is provoked not only by what is sudden but also in what is rational. I should very much like to hear the laughter of an angel, or even (if I were sufficiently armoured for that experience) the laughter of a demon. This I know, that animals do not laugh, a remark made some years before me by Rabelais, himself no mean laughter and provoker of laughter. Holy Writ which is, on common admission, a second sort of Authority, and after its own fashion invaluable, says that dogs grin. They do. The same is true of foxes for I have seen them do it. But no animal laughs, not even the hyena. I was in my twenty-fourth year when I went to the Zoo specially to hear whether the hyena really could laugh or not, and I spent a good deal of money which I could then ill afford, going again and again to Regent's Park until I got an opportunity. I found the hyena's effort was not a laugh at all, so that the old story about his "being confined behind iron bars, separated from his loving mate, deprived of the use of tobacco and the daily papers, yet laugh he does, and it is greatly to his credit," falls to the ground. The hyena's noise is a sort of violent objurgation or syncopated complaint, nothing so noble as a roar but too proud to be a whine. Nor does the jackass laugh; it is but a proverb. The woodpecker comes nearest to it, and that is why he is called a yaffle, but he is not really laughing, he is only doing what all birds do, acting inanely without thinking, making the only noise he knows how to make, like a baby. Inanimate things, however, do laugh—waterfalls, skies under certain conditions, and as we all know the sea; or at any rate the Black Sea when you look at it westward from high enough up on the Caucasus.

I would continue upon this subject of laughter which is indeed inexhaustible (as in the species—mocking, sardonic, plaintive, imitative, sad, angry, insincere, homeric—whatever that may mean—offensive, childish, hearty, pleasant, friendly, gentlemanly, caddish and the rest of them) did I not discover by the number of the pages whereupon this immortal fragment is inscribed that I have reached my limit. Take it and be glad.

## A NOTE ON CRUMMLES

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

I SEEM to be haunted just now by Mr. Vincent Crummles and his family. In the first place, I hear much talk of their performance at Mr. Playfair's theatre in Hammersmith. In the second, it happens that I have recently re-read 'Nicholas Nickleby' (all through, too—for the first time for years), and have naturally spent some happy half-hours with those Thespians. In the third place, I have just seen a letter to a newspaper from Mr. Frederick Harker of the Actors' Association, a letter that deals with the Crummles Family. This letter is worth examining because the attitude of mind that dictated it is very curious but at the same time very common. It begins: "No one seems to have taken up the cudgels on behalf of the family Charles Dickens caricatured as the 'Crummles Family'." There follows then an account of this family, consisting of husband, wife, and precocious daughter, whose real name was Donald but who called themselves Davenport. I will not quote this account because it is of no importance here. I will pass on to the concluding remarks of the correspondent: "And this was the family that Charles Dickens so cruelly and grossly caricatured in 'Nicholas Nickleby'." The Davenport family always asserted that this treatment was the result of deliberate malice on Dickens's part—that he had been for a few weeks a member of the company, but the manager not appreciating his talent as an actor, bluntly told him to go back to his scribbling." This manager was clearly very stupid because Dickens was always a brilliant actor. But Mr. Crummles, that cruel gross caricature, is anything but stupid. We must always regret that he did not carry out his original idea for the grand scene and display of fireworks on the occasion of Nicholas's last appearance: "Eighteenpence would do it. You on the top of a pair of steps with the phenomenon in an attitude; 'Farewell' on a transparency behind; and nine people at the wings with a squib in each hand—all the dozen and a half going off at once—it would be very grand—awful from the front, quite awful." I will wager that Mr. Donald-Davenport never had a scheme at once so inexpensive and impressive.

We will return for a moment, however, to the indignant correspondent. Why should he "take up the cudgels" in this manner? If the Crummles Family of Dickens is a gross libel upon an actual theatrical family, why come forward to tell everybody the name of that family? Why not keep quiet about it? I ask these questions not because I or anyone else really cares a fig about



the outraged feelings of the Davenports, upon whom the last curtain descended many years ago, but because I have known a good many people who acted in this curious way, people who are behind the scenes in the contemporary world of letters. While complaining that a novelist has just caricatured one or two of his acquaintances, these people have contrived to give the widest publicity to the fact that he has caricatured them. "Isn't it absolutely rotten of Smith!" they have cried to me. I ask them then what Smith has been doing. "Don't you know?" they cry again: "Haven't you read his new novel? He's put the Browns and the Robinsons in." Perhaps I too have just read Smith's new novel, and I remark that I had not noticed the Browns and the Robinsons in it. "What! You can't mistake them," they tell me; and proceed to demonstrate, with what looks like great glee, the likeness between certain characters and the actual Browns and Robinsons. If I do not happen to know these caricatured persons, they tell me all about them and insist on the resemblance. If I have not read the novel, they advise me to get it at once so that I can see for myself to what lengths Smith is ready to go. If Smith really intended to be malicious at the expense of these Browns and Robinsons, it is obvious that these people, while condemning him, are giving him all the assistance in their power. It is not their fault if the whole town does not chuckle over the poor Browns and Robinsons.

It is significant that all this talk of caricature in fiction rarely comes from people who are keenly interested in literature. It demands, I think, an ignorance of or indifference to those processes that create fiction. Certain people seem to be comforted by the thought that observation alone and not creation has gone to make a novel, perhaps because it brings the novelist himself nearer to them, turning him into a mere chronicler of their own kind of gossip. The odd thing is that the more obviously creative a novelist is, the greater will be the effort to turn him into an observer and reporter, to document his fiction, and that persistence in this absurd endeavour is commonly regarded as a sign of enthusiastic appreciation.

There is no better example of a novelist who has been treated in this fashion than Dickens. There are whole societies of people who spend a good part of their leisure time discovering originals for every character, town, inn, or private house, mentioned by Dickens. They will not assume that he ever invented anything, and they are convinced that when he sends two of his characters into a tavern for hot brandies, he has an actual tavern in mind and possibly one special sort of brandy. They are determined that he shall not stop being a reporter because he has taken to writing fiction. The irony of it all is, of course, that Dickens is perhaps the worst novelist in the world for such admirers, who would be just as well occupied if they wrote historical, biographical, topographical notes on Grimm's fairy tales. The only excuse for the treatment that these Dickensians offer their master is that he himself tended to encourage it. Nor is it difficult to see why. He liked to think of himself as a realist, "inimitable" (it was his favourite description of himself) in his presentation of things, in his touches of humour and pathos, but nevertheless at close grips with reality. What

we see as an exquisitely comic or melodramatic dream world, he saw as something quite different, and though he must know that in the ardour and ecstasy of creation he left actuality to look after itself, he was always anxious to prove that his was a realistic and even documented fiction. It was only late in his career, when his creative energies began to flag, that he took to keeping notebooks, but he would never have objected at any time to being congratulated on the notebooks he kept in his head; and he was, like many men, far prouder of his secondary qualities as an artist, his powers of observation, his memory, than of his primary ones, which were those of imaginative genius itself. Thus it would have disturbed him less to have defended one of his figures from the charge of being a cruelly satirical portrait than to have defended it from the charge of being unreal, a comic monster.

Before he wrote the Dotheboys Hall chapters in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' he made a journey—very tedious and uncomfortable it must have been too—into North Yorkshire, to Greta Bridge and Barnard Castle. (This explains why I have just re-read the book. I happened to lunch at one of the inns he had stayed in, and determined to look at the story again when I returned home.) But it would not have made a groat's worth of difference to those chapters if he had never gone up there. He knew before he went that the boys were frequently neglected and ill-treated and that the schoolmasters were sometimes nothing but coarse, ignorant bullies. The rest could come out of his head alone—as it actually did—and not out of his head plus North Yorkshire. Mr. Squeers is not a portrait of anyone he met up there, for though Nature, as that gentleman observes, is "a rum 'un," she is not rum enough to produce a Mr. Squeers, who is obviously a creature of the peculiar Dickens world, who could not exist outside that curious atmosphere of his.

It is the same with the Crummles Family. If the Davenports chose to recognize themselves in this family, then they had only themselves to blame, because I cannot imagine anybody else insisting on the likeness. The Crummles are strolling players in a comic fairy tale, and are as far removed from real actors and actresses of the 'Thirties as Bottom in his enchanted wood is from a member of a char-à-banc party in Epping Forest. Moreover—and to change the front—there is clearly no reason for taking up cudgels, for talking about "deliberate malice." Nicholas himself liked Mr. Crummles; Dickens liked him; and we adore him. When he says of Miss Petowker, "'The Blood Drinker' will die with that girl; and she's the only sylph I ever saw, who could stand upon one leg, and play the tambourine on her other knee, like a sylph"; when he describes his first meeting with his wife, who "stood upon her head on the butt-end of a spear, surrounded with blazing fireworks. Such grace, coupled with such dignity!"; we revere the artist and delight in the man. I will warrant that Mr. Davenport or Donald never said things as good as that; and even if he did, even if Dickens drew him and quoted him, his ghost has still no cause for complaint. He was foolish enough to turn Dickens away; but Dickens, in return, gave him a fat part to play in a piece that has been enjoyed all over the world and has been running now for nearly a century.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- <sup>¶</sup> The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- <sup>¶</sup> Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him by the first post on Wednesday.

## IS INDIA SEEKING ATONEMENT FROM ENGLAND?

SIR,—Much of what Dr. Thompson has written (in the SATURDAY REVIEW of June 18) is irrelevant to the letter which it purports to answer. When I have taken account of what calls for notice, this correspondence shall on my part be closed.

Dr. Thompson admits that in saying that the 3rd Cavalry rejected cartridges greased with an "abhorrent mixture" he was inaccurate. But, attempting to show that his mistake was unimportant, he defends himself against the charge that it "implied that the Government of India and the military authorities at Meerut were guilty of criminal negligence" by saying that "Mr. Holmes is probably the first person to think that they were not." Needless to characterize this remark, for its quality will be gauged by every well-informed reader. Dr. Thompson knows very well that the imputed negligence, which his misstatement would have led anyone ignorant of the facts to believe real, was permitting objectionable cartridges to be issued at Meerut, and that of such negligence neither the Government nor the responsible officers were guilty. Certain officers at Meerut were guilty of folly and weakness after mutiny showed itself there, but not of negligence before. The negligence of the Military Board before the first symptom of mutiny was emphasized in my 'History' (pages 80-1); but anyone who reads pages 635-7 and the documents quoted therein will find that (as I said in the SATURDAY REVIEW of April 30) "After the first symptom of mutiny in January, 1857, no cartridges greased with the fat of cows or swine were issued to any sepoy, except to one Gurkha regiment, at their own request."

"I can see," says Dr. Thompson, "that Mr. Holmes is genuinely unwilling to believe that I meant what I wrote about Cooper . . . I no more accept Cooper's action because Lawrence and Montgomery in their excitement thought it magnificent," etc. Dr. Thompson sees what is non-existent. Far from being unwilling to believe that he meant what he wrote, I referred to his expressed hope, hardly befitting a critic who accused historians of unfairness, that Cooper might be remembered jointly with Nana Sahib. What he thinks of Cooper's action does not interest me. Lawrence, who was not excitable, Lord Canning, whose clemency was a byword, and Lord Stanley, than whom there never was a cooler judge, knowing all the facts, deemed it necessary. And since Dr. Thompson insisted in a former letter that other nations would not pass our histories as fair, I may quote the judgment of M. de Valbezen, formerly Consul-General at Calcutta and Minister Plenipotentiary ('The English and India,' translated from the French, 1883, p. 73)—"Alone, in the midst of a wavering population, having no other means of sustaining his prestige but pitiless severity, perhaps he (Cooper) could not do otherwise than punish deserters, whom all military codes would certainly have condemned to death."

Dr. Thompson says that my "school"—whatever that may be—"dare not admit error or imperfection (on the part of those who suppressed the Mutiny?), because they are always thinking of the effect on Indian opinion." All the errors and imperfections which he noticed in his book were described in extracts from mine and from others which may or may not have been written by members of the "school." Personally I never thought about the "effect on

Indian opinion." Dr. Thompson tells us that when he said that he had not "employed Indian testimony," he meant, "I am writing to convince my own people, and am quoting only my own people." He might have added, "It is true that I remarked that Savarkar 'described all the deeds which we hoped would never be seen'; true that we enabled him to describe them, for he used English authorities; true also that I said that English historians had drawn a veil over English atrocities, and that I described those atrocities in extracts from English historians. But do not misunderstand me, for"—he does add—"I was thinking particularly of the accounts given in the histories that are read in our schools." So he was thinking particularly not of the histories which he particularized and criticized in his Appendix, but of school books! How much space could be given to the Mutiny in them? Gardiner gave two pages and a half ('Students' History of England,' pp. 952-4), Green less than half a page ('Short History,' 1885, p. 818). Did Dr. Thompson fancy that the "raking up," which he thought "necessary," would induce the compilers of school books to cancel their pages and describe the Mutiny with insistence upon British atrocities? No, the raking up was not necessary. In certain histories of the Mutiny descriptions of British atrocities were rightly included; but to rake them up now and heap them together, without contrast or historical background, as the staple of a volume for readers of whom few would be able to see them in due perspective, tends to awaken bitter memories and to foster ill feeling between Englishmen and Indians.

I am, etc.,

T. RICE HOLMES.

1, Akehurst Street,  
Roehampton, S.W.15

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED. S.R.]

## WHAT DOES THE FARMER WANT?

SIR,—If Mr. Nicholl will forgive my saying so, I think he has wandered a little off the point of my article under the above heading. It was not a discussion as to how far the State should create the policy for agriculture and how far agriculture should create it for the State, but rather an attempt to put the layman's attitude towards agricultural politics at the present moment. As Mr. Nicholl points out, the State (which is the only term that covers all those not directly engaged in agriculture) has a duty towards agriculture if it can be proved that the industry is being unjustly treated, or if it can be shown that legislation could be passed that is beneficial to all concerned. But any Government that took such action in the name of the State would have been elected by a majority who, superficially as consumers, would have interests directly opposite to the producers' interests. Therefore in order to gain the sympathy of this majority of consumers it is surely necessary for the producers to put a clear case to them, proving that there are certain things which the consumers could do for the producers that were necessary in the name of justice, or would be to the general advantage of the whole community.

Previous experience shows that it is not easy to get the consumers to take a long view in such matters, and it is difficult not to feel that the producers' case becomes very nearly hopeless when they are so divided in their counsels and so obscure in their explanations of what they really want. The average layman says: "What do they want," and, having his own troubles, is inclined to leave it at that a trifle irritably. Regrettable, no doubt, but unfortunately a fact that exists. It does not seem unreasonable to me to credit the farmer with enough spirit to be ready to put forward some policy of his own, and certainly it would seem rash for him to rely solely upon others, whose prevailing interest is not agriculture but cheap food, to do it for him. I do not think Mr. Nicholl would have



been very pleased if I had been foolish enough to say that the producers were incapable, or less fitted than others, to enlighten the public on their own industry. The producers are numerically weak enough in any case, but when their ranks are divided they would seem to be handing themselves over to the enemy bound hand and foot.

There is, further, no precedent for thinking that an agricultural revival can possibly take place unless it be through effort from within and not reform from without. Sir Horace Plunkett was not exterior to agriculture, he was a landowner, intensely interested in the industry, who ranked himself with the producers, and had the producers not backed him up with determination to see the thing through on their own his co-operative schemes in Ireland would have failed as the movement has failed in England—through lack of support by its members. I think it is true to say that co-operation has only been successful when it has been carried forward on the wings of a great national movement and by the co-operators themselves.

Agricultural co-operation in its true sense has never yet been attempted in England, save in a few scattered instances on a small scale, too small to be called a movement at all. When tried here on a big scale it has been fundamentally misunderstood and misapplied. One cannot help feeling that, although it may not be the panacea for agricultural ills, our failure to give it a proper trial has been a leading cause of the diffident attitude of the layman towards agriculture. He would be more inclined to be sympathetic if it could be proved to him that, although our producers had organized themselves as well as any others, yet their industry still could not give them a fair livelihood. I am not saying this attitude is right or wrong.

As regards other points in Mr. Nicholl's letter, interesting as they are, they are not relevant enough to trespass further on your space, although I do find it a little difficult to understand Mr. Nicholl's scheme for adding our own taxation costs to foreign goods imported without increasing the cost to the consumer. If Mr. Nicholl has worked out such a scheme, it would seem to be the one for which everyone has been waiting.

I am, etc.,

L. F. EASTERBROOK

Northbrook, Micheldever, Hants

#### TIPS OR TEN PER CENT?

SIR,—Please permit me to disagree entirely with the suggestion brought forward in your 'Notes of the Week' in your issue of July 16, to introduce into English Restaurants and Hotels the Continental custom of adding 10% in lieu of tips.

In my experience, this idea has entirely failed to abolish or even mitigate the nuisance it was intended to combat. Its only effect has been to increase the cost of meals by 10%.

Tipping is still continuing at the old rate at most places I know and it is well known that at many restaurants visitors are more or less boycotted by waiters if they have once omitted to give an extra tip over the official "tax" of 10%. Naturally waiters will always advocate this system of "abolishing tipping"—with their tongues in their cheeks.

I am, etc.,

"TYKE"

Brünn, Czecho-Slovakia

#### THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE

SIR,—There is too much misunderstanding, and therefore controversy, about the Elizabethan Stage for anyone to consider it worth while to sink money in the project of providing London with an Elizabethan Playhouse. Those, also, who have read what commentators have written on the subject will find little

information upon which to raise a building that would satisfy either an actor or playgoer to-day. I am afraid, therefore, Mr. Ivor Brown is asking for the impossible. But in saying this may I thank him for connecting my name with his proposition?

Again, the battle for ascendancy in the theatre, as it now exists, concerns its economic outlook alone. Managers do not regard the representation of Shakespeare's plays as a paying business since producers cannot claim any exclusive right to act them. Moreover, the poet's plays, acted at their best, make no particular appeal to Londoners because managers regard up-to-date farces and musical comedies as being what the public want.

But there are some who realize that the limitations of the proscenium stage have been reached, and that no advance on it has been made within recent years, or ever will be made again. To those anticipating the future there offers opportunity to strike out in a new direction which might bring to them both fortune and fame.

This is not a time for commonplaces of utterance and rigidity of policy. Our theatres, as places for play production, are no longer suitable. For while the attention of the playgoer is continually concerned with the question of what is seen, yet his vision is always at the mercy of the unfriendly act drop. Such a stage in these days is obsolete!

A platform stage, however, of the same proportions as those used a few days ago at the Holborn Empire, could easily and inexpensively be put up, having around it a tiered semicircular auditorium, the seats rising a few inches for each row and topped by a tier of private boxes. This arrangement would give facilities for concerts, ballets and the presentation of classic drama which, together, should ensure its usefulness in the metropolis and repay the cost of the building.

I am, etc.,

WILLIAM POEL

Howard's Lane, Putney, S.W.15

#### WHITE-WASH

SIR,—The letters which you publish in your last issue on this subject are extraordinarily instructive. They seem to point to the fact that there are more righteous than the commercial journalistic mind contemplates. Peradventure they purchase penny papers rather as life policies than news distributors.

But what pleases me more is that these letters give a definite answer to the often repeated question "Where does the weekly paper come in?" It comes in very much as that ruddy youth David came in with a stone in a well-flung sling, which may in the end bring to the ground the Goliaths of Fleet Street. So be it.

I am, etc.,

J. K.

Jermyn Street, S.W.

#### THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD

SIR,—Mr. Belloc says that the New World would have been discovered without Columbus.

May I point out that a Portuguese ship sailing to India in 1500 was driven over to Brazil by the winds and currents, and there is also the more doubtful story of Cousin, a shipmaster of Dieppe, who is reported to have touched the coast of Brazil in 1488, when on a voyage to West Africa.

See an article in the *Fortnightly* of January, 1894, by Captain Gambier, entitled, 'The True Discovery of America.'

I should much like to read Mr. Belloc's views on this reported voyage of Cousin. There is nothing improbable about it.

I am, etc.,

C. W. SMITH

101 Richmond Road, E.8

## ART

*Decorative Flower Paintings.* By Olin Howland. *Cooling Galleries*, 92 New Bond Street.

IN justice to Mr. Howland the visitor to his exhibition must begin by steeling himself. He must steel himself against the reaction he is likely to feel on encountering the first whiffs of that incense of success which loads the atmosphere. *La peinture à l'eau* may be less *difficile* than *la peinture à l'huile*, but it is not as easy as all this. Fortunately, the owner of "one of the finest gardens in America" need not exploit his advantage. He can afford to improve. And there is no reason to doubt that Mr. Howland can do better than he has done so far, at the very outset of his career as an artist. If he gives up the Charleston and the various other pursuits which we are told that he excels in, he may live to paint better and sell worse. After that he may paint better still and sell well again.

The crudity of some of these pictures is their most striking characteristic. They are unpleasantly effective. The greyhound with the stars and violets is a case in point. This picture induces the same kind of uncomfortable feeling that one gets when reading about a spiritualistic séance. This is not the æsthetic emotion. On the other hand, the two rather obvious flower paintings, numbers 10 to 14, have their charm. The green in No. 10 is not quite the right green, and the technique is rough, but there is less arrogance and more delicacy than in most of the exhibits. Mr. Howland has a personal touch. Indeed, he seems to have an inventive and bubbling personality, and therefore his first care should be to educate his taste on the study of the masters. We hope he saw the recent flower-paintings show at Messrs. Knoedlers.

Artists have been ruined by their theories of design, but far more artists remain third-rate for lack of such theories, which, needless to say, do not shoot up over night like a fairy palace.

P. B.

## THE TRANCE

BY EDWIN MUIR

LULLED by La Belle Dame sans Merci he lies  
In the bare wood below the blackening hill.  
The plough drives nearer now, the shadow flies  
Past him across the plain, but he lies still.

Long since the rust its gardens here has planned,  
Flowering his armour like an autumn field.  
From his sharp breastplate to his iron hand  
A spider's web is stretched, a phantom shield.

When stray feet shake the ground beside his ear,  
Armies pass through his dream in endless line,  
And one by one his ancient friends appear;  
They pass all day but he can make no sign.

When a bird cries within the silent grove,  
The long-lost voice fleets past, he makes to rise  
And follow it; but his limbs do not move,  
And on the ground unstirred his shadow lies.

But if a tiny leaf should drift  
Across his face and lie, the dread drops start  
Chill on his forehead. Now he tries to lift  
The insulting weight that stays and breaks his heart.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—73

SET BY PHILIP PAGE

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a description, in not less than 250 or more than 300 words, of what competitors conceive to be the correct male costume for watching Greyhound Racing after dinner at the White City. The costume is to be regarded from the point of view of the "arbiter elegantiarum."

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a rendering of 'Mary had a little Lamb' in English hexameters, in the style of 'Evangeline.'

## RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 73a, or LITERARY 73b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Tuesday, August 2, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 71

SET BY T. MICHAEL POPE

A. July is a month which, compared with its three immediate predecessors, appears to have received inadequate recognition at the hands of the poets. In order to redress the balance we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the two best poems on July. Poems should not exceed twenty-four lines in length, and sonnets will be considered.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a fragment of a short story in the manner of W. W. Jacobs, beginning, "'Talking of 'ighbrows,' said the night watchman, reminiscently." Competitors are limited to three hundred words, and the trend of the story should be clearly indicated.

We have received the following report from Mr. Pope, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

## REPORT FROM MR. POPE

71A. No longer can July be said to have received "inadequate recognition at the hands of the poets." The results of this competition have been surprising; certainly enough poems have been received to provide material for a fairly extended anthology, and the task of selection has been made correspondingly difficult. Some of the competitors appeared to imagine that July is a month that invites jocularly before all else, and the results in many cases were depressing. One poem opened as follows:



Oh! month of Julius Caesar, hail!  
When we upon the sea do sail,  
Or sport about upon the beach,  
And juvenile companions teach.

The general level maintained was, however, extraordinarily high, and I should like to single out for special commendation the entries of Zeo, Marion Peacock, H. S. Reid, Charles J. Gray, John Cook, Pauline Meadows, Morfydd, Dulcie Eden and Charles G. Box. The first prize is awarded to Helen and the second to Midory. I do not know on what authority the latter asserts that the "shouting thrushes" are "still" in July. There have been occasions when I could have wished they were.

#### FIRST PRIZE

Indolent, unashamed and gay,  
April's chill chastity put by  
Careless of disarray  
Urbanely smiles—July.  
The crimson rose  
Scatters its velvet leaves, full blown—  
All overgrown,  
The scented garden shows  
Voluptuous red, strong gold, harsh blue.  
Odours of clove and musk  
Distil their magic through  
The breathless noon, and passion-haunted dusk.

Serene in her rich bower  
She dreams, nor hears a light wind stir  
The trees, at the moth hour,  
Forewarning her  
That ere her last red rose has fallen, she  
Must yield her throne to mutability.

HELEN

#### SECOND PRIZE

Now are the trees a dimmer green,  
And shaven are the fields of hay,  
A wider rim of dusk between  
The first of night, the last of day.

Now scented things are sweeter grown,  
Full ripe are lavender and thyme,  
The hive-bees cling and whirr and drone  
In rapt battalions through the lime.

Now are the shouting thrushes still . . .  
The circling finger's past the noon,  
The traveller is across the hill,  
The year turns down, how soon!

MIDORY

#### HIGHLY COMMENDED

Summer's full-tide, and underneath  
The chestnuts, where the purple gloom  
Is sweet and heavy with the breath  
Of dewy grass and sun-hot bloom.  
Faint whispers pass, though winds are all  
Asleep, faint airs that wake and die,  
As the last panting ripples fall  
Upon a beach in ecstasy.  
Drunk with achievement is the hour,  
Hushed in the pause at full-tide won;  
The earth is drugged with dew, the flower  
Has drunk her last content of sun.  
And I, poised on the moment, blind  
With beauty, hold my breath and fear  
That even this moment I shall find  
A petal fall'n and August here.

GORDON DAVIOT

71B. The results of this competition have been numerically satisfactory, but otherwise disappointing. Few of the competitors have retained more than a momentary contact with their model, and of the vast majority it may be said that they were funny without being Jacobs. Mr. Jacobs, it seems, is not an easy

writer to imitate, and the competitor who puts such a phrase as "the little god's arrows" into the mouth of the night watchman can hardly be said to have tried. Among the more promising were those of Lester Ralph, Miss E. U. Ouless and S. J. Simon. After considerable hesitation I had decided to recommend for the first prize R. H. Pomfret and for the second, W. Thompson, each of whom has written a "fragment" that contains the potentiality of a typical W. W. Jacobs story, but neither of whom has contrived to reproduce the adverbial felicities of their original.

Unfortunately, each of these competitors (whose entries are printed below) exceeded the maximum number of words allowed—in one instance by a considerable margin—and the prizes are in consequence withheld. It is hoped that this display of necessary discipline may have a salutary effect upon future competitors.

#### FRAGMENT IN THE MANNER OF W. W. JACOBS

Talking of 'ighbrows, said the night watchman, reminiscently, it may be took for granted as every man 'as pretences to be regarded as a 'ighbrow at one thing or another. Send a cockle-picker to Greenwich Observatory and ten-to-one 'e'll come back impressed with the 'ighbrow o' some astronomer. Bring that same astronomer to the mud-flats, give 'im a bucket, and 'e'll go 'ome convinced as there's different sorts o' foreheads even in the cockle-picking line.

But what I wanted to tell you about partikler was a cove as used to 'ang out in these parts wot might be regarded as a typical 'ighbrow. 'E were a painter by trade, and 'e gave 'issel such airs as you might 'ave thought 'e'd been 'ung in the Ryle Academy instead o' from the rail o' the "Fairy Molly" at overhauling time.

'E was in the 'abit o' frequenting the "Cod and Lobster" for 'is drink, and being a painter 'e naturally drank a sight more than 'e could conveniently paint for. Liza Gusset—that's the landlady—'ad brought it to 'is notice in several very p'inted ways, so that in desperation, as you might say, Joe—Joe Perkins were 'is name—Joe offers one day to paint 'er a bran new sign for the pub to wipe off 'is score. Liza bein' agreeable, 'e sets to 'ad paints such a signboard—full o' fins and nippers—as 'ad never been seen in these parts afore.

Liza were that suited with the decoration that she not only wipes off 'is debts, but acksherally requests old Sam Small—'er very oldest customer—to allow Joe Perkins to take 'is seat close by the bar-parlour fire, addin' with 'er meaningest look that customers wot liked the fire should 'elp to pay for it. So pore old Sam 'ad to shift 'is quarters for the painter, who sat 'im down with wot Peter Russet described as a supersilly look.

When Peter and ole Sam was going 'ome that night Peter says, all of a sudden: "Sam, me lad, you're not going to put up with that, are you?"

"Not if I knows it," growled Sam. . . .

R. H. POMFRET

#### THE IMPOSTOR

Talking of 'ighbrows, said the night watchman, reminiscently, reminds me of the on'y one I ever knew; and 'e was on'y a amatoor. Tucker was 'is name, the master of a ketch trading between 'ere and Havenmouth. I got to 'ear of 'is carrings-on through my niece, who was walking out with 'is mate who was also 'is partic'lar pal. Which proves that you should never trust your secrets even to your best friend when 'e is in love.

Cap'n Tucker was a smart, dapper little man with a weakness for quoting scraps o' po'try at people who 'ad never done 'im no 'arm. Probably this, and the lies 'e told 'er, tickled the fancy of the gal with the dark eyes and long ear-rings who 'e offered 'is umbrella to on top of a 'bus in Chelsea. Leastways, 'e was still being poetical and holding 'er 'arm and the umbrella over 'er when 'e arrived at the door of 'er—studio, I think she called it.

"You must come up and 'ave a cup o' tea, Cap'n," ses she, a-fixing 'im with 'er great eyes. "My sister Molly will be delighted to 'ear some o' your wonderful tales."

"The delight will be mine, ma'am, if your sister is on'y 'arf as beautiful as you are," ses 'e. Cap'n Tucker was never 'ard up for words where wimmen were concerned, and while the gal was trying to blush, he 'ad shut the door and was wiping 'is feet on the mat.

They 'ad got about 'arf way upstairs, when a most 'orrible noise broke out, a door shut with a slam, and a fierce old man came stamping and cursing along the landing. "It's father," whispered the gal, quickly, gripping the Cap'n's arm in 'er confusion. "I didn't think he'd be 'ome. You'll have to say you're a author or a poet, or he'll never forgive me. Pretend you're Marmaduke Potter." . . .

W. THOMPSON

## BACK NUMBERS—XXXIII

HOW fares it to-day with John Davidson's poetry? The only evidence I have is a statement, chivalrous and mournful, made a year or two ago by his publisher, to the effect that several of his books were out of print and that the demand for certain others was much smaller than it ought to be. Two or three pieces of his are in most of the anthologies, and I suppose are likely to be included in such compilations for years to come; a selection of his verse has been made for Messrs. Benn's admirable 'Sixpenny Poets'; but he is little discussed, little quoted, and it would be hazardous to predict his ultimate place in literature.

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When Davidson was a very young man, one of the greatest of Victorian poets delighted him by repeating a youthful piece of his to him, and ended by greeting him as a brother poet. That he had the stuff of poetry in him has never been disputed: what is disputable is whether he, except in a very few instances, managed to give it precise and personal expression. In 1901, eight years before his tragic end, the SATURDAY REVIEW noticed a play and a long poem of his under the title, 'A Schoolboy Poet.' Davidson, this paper then remarked, had enjoyed a considerable vogue. The young had talked with enthusiasm, but rather nonsensically, about various of his earlier pieces, not unnaturally, "for there was something young, fresh and very enthusiastic, if rather nonsensical, about most of Mr. Davidson's earlier efforts." Since then, the argument proceeded, Davidson had shed some of his rather vulgar decadent characteristics, but, saving himself morally, intellectually he had become more of a schoolboy than ever.

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Some more serious, and not wholly unappreciative, criticism followed. Certain phrases in the two works under notice were allowed to be excellent. But he was blamed for not understanding that the whole was more than the parts, and generally for a persistence in youthful faults even when his subjects were more intellectual than those of a young poet are likely to be. His ornaments were declared to be unessential, often incongruous. He was censured for excess of ambition, for an injudicious heightening of language, for the adoption of machinery too complicated for his material.

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\* \*

In all this, which was less ill-natured than it seems in a summary, there was an element of truth. Davidson had passed by that time into his later manner, in which he sacrificed the fluency and some of the vigour of his earlier, not entirely in vain, but without fully compensating gain. And his temper, never such as to disarm hostility, was becoming such as to irritate readers. He was a Scot, he had known the trials of the very poor scholar who is not fully a scholar, had experienced drudgery as a junior teacher in unimportant schools, had achieved some celebrity rather later than most poets who are to have it, and, with failing health and dwindling means, felt it being taken away from him by a change of fashion. He was falling into Carlyle's habit of scolding the age, without a genius comparable to Carlyle's, and in a period which, anarchical as it was, had no patience

with prophets. He was soured, and disposed to think that principle required him to persist in every caprice, that the slightest concession in non-essentials was disloyalty to his genius.

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It is impossible to approve of his attitude in later years. In a very great man, utterly and always flouted by criticism, it might have been just tolerable; but Davidson, with all his gifts and his real force of character, was not a very great man, and, after all, he had some years of recognition, and in the withdrawal of public favour was experiencing only what many other writers of high merit had experienced. Yet it is difficult not to feel anger as one reads some typical reviews of his later books. If he was irritating, it was not as a midge is. He was someone, he had done something, he was immensely in earnest, and even his most freakish and obscure work deserved serious examination before condemnation. The *Yellow Book* had gone, but Davidson, despite some of his friendships and one notorious ballad, had not really belonged to the short-lived decadent group. Aubrey Beardsley, doing a frontispiece for Davidson's early plays, had chosen to depict Oscar Wilde as a character in the ingenious pantomime, but the bulk of Davidson's work was not such as Beardsley would have cared to illustrate or Wilde to applaud. He was himself; he had developed, if exasperatingly; he should have had respectful criticism as a force, even if a misapplied force.

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All this was latterly denied him; and the denial was disastrous. The secret of Davidson, as Mr. Filson Young acutely pointed out in a long, sympathetic article in the SATURDAY on Davidson's suicide in 1909, was that recognition was an absolute necessity to him. He was not really a man capable of living for affection; he lived for his work. In his solitude there in Cornwall, without any sense of support from his friends, he deteriorated with every attack on him, or, rather, with every slight. Was this or that disliked and ignored by his critics? It became a point of honour with him to cultivate the derided or unperceived quality. He soured, hardened, grew megalomaniac, and in the end drowned himself.

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Davidson had several styles, but hardly what we mean by style. Nearly all his best lines are better separately than in their context. But undoubtedly he had a very real impulse and an eager if collapsive imagination. Where he might have done more, and much more popular work, was in the vein of 'A Runnable Stag.' It is, if it be closely considered, a very extraordinary thing, in which Whyte Melville collaborates perfectly with Poe, with a result that is definitely Davidson's own. But it was very rarely that he knew how to express both the hearty, human, straightforward things that were in him and the sheer poetical delight in affluent rhyming. For the most part the realism and the conceits did battle with each other, and the poem was no poem, but a collection of things more or less admirable in several different ways. It is his failure to achieve unity that most injures Davidson. Most of his work must be read tolerantly, the sensation of contact with a genuine poet being allowed to compensate, as far as it possibly can, for the imperfections of the individual poem.

STET.



## REVIEWS

## THE TWO-HORNED ISKANDER

BY EDWARD SHANKS

*The Cambridge Ancient History.* Vol. VI—*Macedon*, 401-301 B.C. 30s. Vol. I of Plates, illustrating Vols. I-IV. 21s. Cambridge University Press.

I HAVE spoken here once or twice of the Cambridge Ancient History more with respect than with affection. With all possible respect, indeed; it is all that is meant when we speak of a monument of scholarship and, to many readers who, like myself, are not fully competent to judge of the dimensions or the proportions of such a monument, it is both a very useful work and one that is highly entertaining to browse in. Just at this moment, so soon after the death of Professor Bury, to whom the whole undertaking owes so much, we ought to pay it all the respect we can.

But, oddly enough, I find myself feeling for this later volume much more affection than for any of its predecessors. Perhaps this is because with the rise of Macedonia the ancient world begins to enter on what might be called its modern phase. We know, to be sure, very little of the Hellenistic civilization in the greater proportion of the whole area over which it was spread, but who does not feel that the men of that age, in their actions, when we know them, and in their motives, when we can guess at them, are more akin to the men of our own time than the perplexing men of Periclean Athens or the Hellas of the Persian Wars?

So far as this volume goes, much credit for a heightened temperature in the reader must be given to Professor Beazley's exquisite dozen pages on sculpture and painting in the fourth century before Christ, perhaps the best single essay that the history has so far contained. He writes thus on Praxiteles:

Compare the Hermes with a fifth-century original: the fifth-century flesh seems made of some neutral substance, the flesh of the Hermes of muscle and fat: it has not only the surface bloom and sheen of life, but the warm lifted swell of a living organism. If body and face are less patternized than before, drapery and hair are still less.

The Hermes is an original from the chisel of the great Athenian; there are no copies of it, and how much of its high-bred grace, subtle modelling, and gentle turns of head and body would survive in an ordinary copy? Speaking generally, fourth-century works suffer more than fifth-century at the copyist's hands. The strong and simpler wine of the fifth century travels: the fourth reaches us now dulcified, now fortified, and nearly always robbed of its quintessence.

Other Praxitelean males have come down to us in copies. The boy satyr pouring wine, part of a group, is an early work and comparatively insignificant. The boy Apollo, like the Hermes, leans, and the median line of the figure is a pronounced double curve. A third leaner, the resting satyr, has survived in more copies than any other statue, because to the Roman it represented the spirit of the sweet half-wild. . . . The athlete as such plays no part in his work: athletic youths, like the Hermes, do: but Praxiteles is always turning with special affection to adolescence and late childhood, away from the world to a realm of unshaken hours.

That is not the common academic history of art. It is something altogether out of the common, it has the bones of knowledge and the flesh of appreciation, and it makes one wish that Professor Beazley would write more, and more where the ordinary cultured reader is likely to find him.

But probably the most inspiring fact here is that Alexander himself has fallen into unusually capable hands. He has, like Napoleon, a knack of moving those who are called upon to write about him. There is nothing more curious in the whole of 'The Outline of History' than Mr. Wells's intimate interest in the court-life of Macedon, in the domestic life of King Philip and Queen Olympias and in all the influences that went to mould the character of the youthful

Alexander. Mr. Wells does, indeed, preserve for him a tenderness markedly at variance with his usual way with men who have gained reputations as military conquerors. This is, however, only a reflection and a continuation of the peculiar effect which Alexander has had on the minds of all who know anything of his adventures.

Mr. W. W. Tarn has, I think, undergone this influence and it has helped him to write five extraordinarily good chapters in the present volume. He is no unreasoning hero-worshipper. He says of the hero:

He was fortunate in his death. His fame could hardly have increased; but it might perhaps have been diminished. For he died with the real task yet before him. He had made war as few have made it; it remained to be seen if he could make peace. He had, like Columbus, opened up a new world; it remained to be seen what he could do with it.

But Alexander stirs the imagination, even when the judgment has given its coldest verdict, because it is so easy to see in him an instrument of destiny, as well as an impressive personality. In Spengler's system he is made to correspond with Napoleon and the comparison is very suggestive. Both were the swords which broke down the dividing compartments of the civilizations which bore them. Both turned their backs on the great powers in the West which were eventually to dominate those civilizations—Alexander, when he deferred Rome to a later day of conquest, Napoleon, when, by the agreement to sell Louisiana, he abandoned an empire in America. Neither by his conquests set up an enduring state, both were, however, the violent midwives of a new age.

And both have become legendary figures. Mr. Tarn devotes some effective pages to the legend and the influence of Alexander. After pointing out that his example led to the empire of Chandragupta and perhaps even to the unification of China under the first Han dynasty, he goes on:

Both flanks of the Hindu Kush are still crowded with the imagined descendants of the man who left none to succeed him; in Chitral, Gilgit, Hunza, and elsewhere on the Indian side they cluster thick, in places intermarrying only with each other; the white Kafirs are his Macedonians; in the middle ages his line still ruled even at Minnagara in the Indus Delta. Northward his descendants are found in Wakhan, Darwas, Karategin, Badakshan, and Ferghana; in Margelan of Ferghana his red silk banner is shown, and his tomb honoured as a shrine; the Mirs of Badakshan used to cherish a debased Greek patera as an heirloom, and their very horses descended from Bucephalus. Along the Indian frontier innumerable traditions attach to his name. But all the countries claimed him as theirs. In Persian story he became the son of Ochus by Philip's daughter; in Egyptian, a son of the last native Pharaoh, the magician Nectanebo, who in the guise of Ammon had deceived Olympias. In Jewish legend he was the Two-horned, the precursor of the Messiah; and as Dhulcarnein, the Two-horned, he became one of the heroes of Islam. The Bedouin thought that Napoleon was Iskander come again; in France he ended as a knight of chivalry, in Abyssinia as a Christian saint.

That reminds one of the passages, ornamental but not excrement, which historians in a happier age permitted to themselves and their readers. Mr. Tarn revives the failing hope that it may even yet be possible to write history in the great manner. I hope he will try.

I have left myself but little space to speak of the first of the volumes of plates which are to accompany the Cambridge Ancient History. These reproductions, beginning with the Piltdown skull and ending with details from the Amydæ 'Throne of Apollo,' make an invaluable illustration of a narrative which depends perhaps more on such witnesses than a narrative of later times. The examples are well chosen and there is no fault to be found with the method of presentation.

¶ Subscribers who may be contemplating temporary change of address are requested to communicate with the office of the SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, as early as possible, to insure prompt delivery of the paper.

## THE 'NINETIES AND NOW

*Poems by Lionel Johnson.* Elkin Matthews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.

*The Son of Learning.* By Austin Clarke. Allen and Unwin. 5s.

*The Pyramid.* By Sherard Vines. Cobden Sanderson. 5s.

*The Cyder Feast.* By Sacheverell Sitwell. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

WHEN the 'Nineties burst into their odd yellow blossom it is questionable whether the poets or the public were the more self-conscious. "Wear a *fleur du mal*; pretty gentleman," rang in the ears of the corpulent man in the street, and with clumsy fingers he adjusted in the button-hole of his quite villainously ugly clothes the blossom which accentuated their ugliness. "All art," cried Mr. Wilde, "is utterly useless," and he and many of his contemporaries, with the help of the public, set out to prove it. For if the truth is told the 'Nineties were only Victorianism inside out, showing rather a drab lining. They did not possess a religion, but merely a distaste, and that is not a sufficient basis for a great literary revival.

But in the 'Nineties, as in all periods, there was one writer—Lionel Johnson—who was his own man. He was not a great figure, he was not even a considerable one. But when everybody else was protesting, he quietly and without ostentation affirmed. He may, for all I know, have been up to his eyes in theories, but fortunately he did not write them. He performed, indeed, rather like a blackbird lost in a parrot-house. The brilliantly-painted leaders, each chained to its perch, shrilly repeated themselves and one another. But now and again in the rare pauses could be overheard a tranquil and unaffected wood-note trying over some such phrase as:

King, tried in fires of woe!  
Men hunger for thy grace:  
And through the night I go,  
Loving thy mournful face.

The strident clamour was instantly resumed, parakeet out-screaming parakeet. But the mild notes lingered on the air. You can hear them now.

The 'Nineties did "protest too much," but perhaps they saved us the need of protestation. At least we can in our generation go about our poetic business without betraying the furtive glee of a street-urchin who has just rung somebody else's bells. We ring our own, and if nobody listens, that is their affair. Mr. Austin Clarke, for example, has invented a very spirited carillon, which he plays (you can be sure) to amuse himself first, and the world after. He is perhaps less of a poet in his romantic farce 'The Son of Learning' than in 'The Cattle-Drive,' but he has a most turbulent sense of reality. He uses the worn-out properties of Irish legend, but only as he might use the first old suit of clothes that comes to hand. Inside is a real personality, and if there's a patch here and there, it makes it all the easier to spread his elbows. There is vigour, there are high spirits, and there is a steady undercurrent of poetic address. Mr. Austin Clarke has had a good time, and therefore so will you in his company.

Mr. Sherard Vines, like Mr. Clarke, is also going his own gait, but, unlike Mr. Clarke, he is anxious to convince himself that it is unique. He can, indeed, with no thought upon the morrow, write:

All heaven is Roman; how superbly it stalks past  
In wind-white toga and purple hem,  
or he can (most justifiably) call the leaves  
malicious girls of spring.

But he can equally (and with less justification) observe:

Dazzle and scare away with your breasts, paper-white,  
These real dullnesses, zinc-harsh crasnesses

Of wire and coal, of birth, coupling necrology,  
Adultery and debentures and prayer.

That is emphatically not 'Ninetyish. Mr. Vines does not wish to surprise the bourgeois. He is seeking to surprise himself. He has succeeded; he should now go on to satisfy himself, which is more difficult.

Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell (except in 'Doctor Donne and Gargantua,' which, for my part, I could wish were out of the way once and for all) has passed from self-astonishment to self-discovery. It would be a deaf ear indeed that did not catch in 'The New Poems for Hortus Conclusus' the authentic note of poetry. Mr. Sitwell sees every flower and fruit for the first time. He uses the names to which we are accustomed for the sake of convenience. But he has in fact walked, like Adam, in the Garden, christening them all, as when he takes what we call cowslips and recreates them thus:

These cowslips in a spring night born  
Grow gentle, soft and wear no thorn,  
Then roll their sweetness to a ball,  
The hush of breath, confining all,  
Makes orange-smell and lemon-scent  
Into a flowery parliament,  
Where every cowslip talks as one,  
And nothing, but that scent is done.

That, you will observe, is not the flower you knew, but you will not forget it, will you? It is the botany of Aladdin's cave. Mr. Sitwell has the Lamp.

HUMBERT WOLFE

## A PARCEL OF PSYCHOLOGY

*Psychopathology—Its Development and its Place in Medicine.* By Bernard Hart. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

*Psychology Applied to Education.* By the late James Ward. Edited by G. Dawes Hicks. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

*A Short Psychology of Religion.* By G. J. Jordan. Cape. 3s. 6d.

THE first of these books is the most important. Dr. Bernard Hart is almost a best-seller: the publishers claim 43,000 copies of his admirable manual, 'The Psychology of Insanity,' which is far and away the best introduction to a study of analytic psychology. That was, of course, written for the layman. Here he prints the Goulstonian lecture to the Royal College of Physicians last year, in which he defends the title of psychopathology to be recognized as a true branch of medicine, before a critical, professional audience. First, we must clearly define our terms. Psychopathology is not merely a science which deals with psychic pathology: it is one that works with its own specific hypothesis. It "does not mean a physiological explanation of mental disorder [in terms of cerebral or nervous structure] but a psychological explanation of disorder, whether that disorder is mental or physical in its manifestations." In point of fact, its chief advance has been made through the investigation of hysteria, the symptoms of which are in great part physical. In this way he refutes the criticism that psychopathology is "unscientific." "Science" consists, he maintains (quoting Karl Pearson), "not in the feature of the facts with which it deals, but in the method of attack which it employs." If it be objected that the unconscious is not an observable fact or entity, exactly the same will hold, for that matter, of a frictionless and imponderable ether. It is a conceptual entity, an hypothesis: and if it fits the facts to be explained it is scientifically legitimate.

The author then gives a most interesting history of the way his science has developed. Primitive medicine, he asserts, with Rivers, is not (as is often assumed) psychological. For combined with quasi-religious diagnosis, exorcism and all the rest of it, we find a treatment definitely physical, including massage,



poulticing and so forth. (This, however, it may be suggested, may be due to the fusion of two streams of culture.) The true beginnings of psychopathology have their roots in the seventeenth century, in the strange speculation about magnetism initiated by men like Maxwell, and further developed by Mesmer in the eighteenth. Fantastic as the Mesmerists' theories were, the facts which they observed were authentic, and the modern science has grown, very largely, out of reconsideration of these facts—described now as hypnotic suggestion, somnambulism, anaesthesia, etc. A review of the work at the Salpêtrière of Bernheim, Janet and his successors leads up to an illuminating *aperçu* and criticism of Freud and Jung. There is an exceedingly valuable appendix on the use of the words "subconscious" and "unconscious." Immense misunderstandings and confusions have been caused by failure to differentiate Janet's "subconscious" (the coconscious of Morton Prince's terminology) is a phenomenal, verifiable entity: the "unconscious" of Freud and Jung is conceptional only. Dr. Bernard Hart reprints as a tailpiece to his useful book an amusing article on 'Rumour,' written with great verve and energy.

Dr. James Ward's 'Lectures on Education' were given forty years ago, and only at the end of his life did he decide to prepare them for the press. Dr. Dawes Hicks has done well to publish them. We have here, in a popular form, the application to educational practice of Dr. Ward's psychological theories, as contained in the Encyclopædia article and the great 'Psychological Principles.' On a few points, naturally, he changed his mind, and these are discussed in notes by the editor. But in the article we are given here what would now call itself "New" Psychology in its educational bearings. It is interesting to see the "modern" protests against the pedagogue's "memory-training," the plea for individuality, the co-ordination of thinking with doing, and all that we regard as up to date, worked out by Ward in 1880, before Freud and Jung were household words, and without that quite unnecessary jargon the invention of which has been left for our contemporaries. The style—as the editor observes—inevitably recalls the 'Talks to Teachers,' which the author believed had superseded his own. "As the *Amphioxus* is the lowest vertebrate, so the Epicurean affords the lowliest example of rational conduct: he is a moral *Amphioxus*. There is only one thing in which this creature . . . can boast itself superior to the mollusc: it has no brain, but it has the beginnings of a backbone. So with the hedonist." This may serve for an example of his happy, forceful, conversational manner.

Dr. Jordan makes no attempt to be critical or even to take sides in disputed questions. He has sought simply to give an outline of the main views about the psychology of religion which are now held by the best-known writers. Within his self-imposed limitations he has written a bright and readable little book.

### PEPYSIAN RESEARCH

*More Pepysiana: being Notes on the Diary of Samuel Pepys and on the Genealogy of the Family.* By Walter H. Whitear. Simpkin Marshall. 15s.

SOME years since evidence was published which led to the marking by a tablet of the site where Pepys was born. He was revealed as a Londoner by birth. This is an instance of the careful research among documents which has enabled Mr. Whitear to clear up or correct many points arising out of the wide world of the 'Diary.' Wheatley, the best editor, was on the whole a careful man, but Mr. Whitear shows, after tireless examination of registers and other documents, that he made several misstatements, while the 'Diary' itself has been marred by mistranscrip-

tions, though proper names were written in long-hand. There are, for instance, two distinct families of Turners mentioned, and these are sorted out for us. The results of long and patient search in the most varied quarters are truly remarkable, and often a slight hint is followed up to good purpose.

Pepys was casual in his description of relations, calling neighbours "cozens," and using the maiden names of married women, and members of his stock have produced faulty pedigrees. It has taken a century to identify the diarist's mother as Margaret Kite or Kight, and several of his aunts are made clear, one of them with the odd name of "Lissett," which in the 'Diary' is more intelligible as "Lucett." Pepys had no children, and his family line is now represented by descendants of his sister Pall (Paulina), who was only worked off after six suggestions for a husband had fallen through. John Jackson, who was the happy man, was, says Pepys, "handsome enough for her, one of no education nor discourse." So Pall was presumably able to have the last word. On a day in 1663 Pepys, when he returned from the office, found Jinny, a new girl come as a servant, a parish child who lost no time in running away with the new clothes procured for her. Mr. Whitear has found in the records of St. Bride's the payment to the beadle who brought her back, noted as "ooo.oo.06." It is shown from the State Papers that Pepys was imprisoned in the Marshalsea as well as the Tower. He went to the latter also once to discover buried treasure, which gives Mr. Whitear occasion to clear up the use of the words "Cold Harbour." He also deduces ingeniously from the 'Diary' the stature of Pepys as below the middle height.

In any new edition of the 'Diary' all these corrections should play an important part. We are very glad to see them brought together in a book. Few papers to-day would find room for this kind of research, but the shade of the vigilant Secretary of the Navy ought to be pleased, for he preserved family papers of dates, when he tore up other things.

### THE GENESIS OF ROMANTICISM

*The Haunted Castle. A Study of the Elements of English Romanticism.* By Eino Railo. Routledge. 25s.

THIS fine and patient analysis is the work, we understand, of a Finnish scholar whose interest in the origins of English romanticism, took its inception from a study of the writings of "Monk" Lewis. It has very great merits and the only considerable defect is too little discussion of what exactly the writer means by romanticism. Apart from this the chief criticisms to be made concern the scope of the book. Its scientific character is slightly marred by confining the inquiry in the main to English literature. We regret, too, that the author has concerned himself so largely with "material" that comparatively little space is left for considering method and aim. M. Railo might perhaps reply that use of a special kind of material is really the chief element in the method of the writers he is studying; or that method and aim receive as much attention as they deserve. None the less we should have welcomed a fuller treatment of these. Such criticisms, however, are comparatively unimportant in view of the very remarkable qualities of this book which is learned, well-written and enlightening and in its comprehensiveness alone a real contribution to the history of English literature.

Probably the most widespread opinion of the products of the horror-romanticism of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries is that of Isabella in 'Northanger Abbey,' who drew up for her friend a list of ten horrific tales dealing with ghosts, secret passages and tyrants' castles. "Those will last us some time," she concluded. To which Catherine replies:

" 'Yes; pretty well; but are they all horrid? Are you sure they are all horrid?' 'Yes, quite sure; for a particular friend of mine, a Miss Andrews, a sweet girl, one of the sweetest creatures in the world, has read every one of them.' " M. Railo, on the contrary, regards them with a proper gravity. He writes as an analytical historian, not as a critic and exhibits for our inspection all the stage properties of the horror-romantic school—"Gothic" castles, mossy towers, romantic heroes, persecuted maidens, criminal monks, the Wandering Jew, ghosts, demons, incest, and all the rest of the stock-in-trade. The climax of horror is found in Lewis's 'Ambrosio: or The Monk,' published in 1795, in which is described in the most lurid detail how Ambrosio rapes and murders his sister in a gruesome vault of the dead. M. Railo's chief purpose, however, is to show the organic connexion between the romanticism of horror and the main romantic movement at the turn of the century. Thus we are shown the frequent identity of themes in Horace Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, Beckford, "Monk" Lewis on the one hand and Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley on the other. This juxtaposition in itself suffices to show the desirability of distinguishing material and the use made of it.

In a final section M. Railo considers briefly the object of the writer of the horror-romantic school. This, he maintains, was not merely to produce an effect of terror but to produce a terror comprised of different elements harmoniously blended. The whole movement may be regarded, he thinks, almost as an experiment based on Burke's theory, "according to which everything calculated to awaken mental images of agony and danger, i.e., everything in any way alarming, connected with alarming matters in giving the effect of fear, is a source of the sublime. When the alarming directly threatens us, it is purely agonizing, yet becomes pleasurable if it merely awakens mental images of agony and danger without really exposing us to danger." Burke's 'Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas in the Sublime and Beautiful,' which appeared in 1756, he regards as "a theoretical study of the two main atmospheres at which the terror-romanticists aimed, namely, fear and sublimity, or fear-awakening beauty." The worth of such an aesthetic is well illustrated by the character of the works based on its doctrine.

## THE NEGATION OF FREEDOM

*Bolshevism, Fascism and Democracy.* By Francesco Nitti. Translated by Margaret M. Green. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

NO one has a better right to criticize Mussolini than Signor Nitti, the champion of Parliamentary government in Italy, and his criticism is shrewd and effective. Yet fundamentally he is not criticizing Fascism, but Italy, for failing to live up to the obligations of democracy, and for surrendering a liberty which cost much to win:

It is wholly characteristic that Fascism and nationalism in Italy are largely the work of revolutionaries who, not long ago, disowned the family, their country, and the rights of property. . . . Nationalism is to the ideal of nationhood what bigotry is to religion. . . . The nationalist idea has resulted in a type of Protection different from the reasonable forms to which we were accustomed before the war—an intolerant type. Every paltry industry asks for protection, simply because it is national. Every country aims at possessing its own national industry. People speak with fervour of national grain, national products. I have even read in some paper—I do not remember which—that the aim of the Italian people must be to produce national bread from national grain. . . . It is not merely illogical but uneconomic.

It will be seen that Signor Nitti's pen is as trenchant as ever, and that the force of his remarks is not limited to Italy. The book is worth reading as a vigorous exposure of the anti-democratic movements in Europe and for the comments on recent history

of a man who has taken part in the making of it. Signor Nitti takes on the whole an optimistic view; he regards the "Mediterranean fever" which has set up dictatorships in Spain, Italy, Turkey and Greece as a merely temporary disorder, and has no real misgivings over the future of democracy, much as he finds to criticize in detail. The translation has been excellently done.

## LIFE AND DEATH

*Plant Autographs and Their Revelations.* By Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

NOT all men responsible for a great advance in science are capable of explaining it so simply and convincingly as Sir J. C. Bose. He has swept away the imagined distinction between plant and animal life; plants, like beasts and men, grow tired and sleep, may be drugged, poisoned, depressed by a passing cloud, intoxicated with alcohol, suffocated, scalded or frozen to death. His train of inquiry has not only thrown light upon plants, but upon the nature of life and death:

Let us consider the variegations of certain leaves; the leaves of the Elephant Creeper of India show white patches in the midst of bright green. These patches represent, in reality, the pallor of approaching death, and if we keep these leaves under observation we find that it is at these particular spots that the tissue becomes disintegrated by decay which spreads outwards. The brilliant tint of leaves in autumn is but the hectic flush preceding death . . . an intense excitation is produced at the moment of death, with the result that there is an electric discharge at the moment of death of the tissue.

The power of this electric impulse is so considerable that 500 pairs of half-peas, provided they were suitably arranged in series, would amply suffice to electrocute a human being. From this he goes on to confirm the traditional belief that a dying man sees all his past life in a flash. The fundamental background of memory is that after each shock of stimulus the responsive surface undergoes a molecular distortion, which is repaired slowly, and never completely. The vestiges of the impressions survive:

Similarly all the impressions on our sensory surface remain dormant as latent memory images, which become revived under the impact of the internal stimulus of will. The revival of memory, then, is the result of a strong stimulation being thrown on the impression surface, so as to wake up the dormant images. Now we have seen that during the struggle of death an electrical spasm sweeps through every part of the organism, and this strong and diffuse stimulation—now involuntary—may be expected to crowd into one brief flash a panoramic succession of all the memory images latent in the organism.

Old or tired plants die easily; young ones with a violent death-throe; in extreme old age the passage between life and death is almost imperceptible.

Growth is shown to be a series of pulsations followed by less powerful recoils like the tide coming up in waves. It is not different stimulants which produce dissimilar reactions, but different degrees of stimulation. A stimulus of moderate intensity retards growth, while a feeble stimulus accelerates it. Consequently the effect of a drug varies according to the constitution of the subject. Dilute poison was given to three batches of similar seedlings of which one was kept normal for reference, another depressed to a sub-tonic condition, and the third raised to an optimum state of exceptional vigour:

The normal plants survived after a period of struggle. The weaker specimens succumbed at once without any struggle. But the reaction of the vigorous specimens was quite different; the toxic agent not only failed in its illegitimate work, but actually exalted the growth of its intended victims.

This is a book which it is really necessary to read, except for those already familiar with the author's more technical publications. Lack of botanical knowledge is no excuse. 'Plant Autographs' could easily be understood without it, and there are few single books published this century so far-reaching in these implications.



## NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

*Thou Shalt Not Kill.* By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

*The Barbury Witch.* By Anthony Richardson. Constable. 7s. 6d.

*A Lot of Talk.* By Helen Ashton. Benn. 7s. 6d.

*The New Decameron. The Fifth Day.* Oxford. Blackwell. 7s. 6d.

THOUGH it would scarcely be fair to expect Mrs. Belloc Lowndes to recapture the peculiar thrill of those masterpieces of sensational fiction, 'The Chink in the Armour' and 'The Lodger,' she has several times been within reasonable distance of it, and never nearer than in her last novel, 'Thou Shalt Not Kill.' The pattern and prototype of her method is to be found, of course, in 'Uncle Silas.' The story leads up to the murder, or attempted murder, not away from it, and the book depends for its interest not on how the murder was done and who did it, but on whether it is to be done at all. We are in no doubt as to who is the villain and who the victim; indeed, part of the author's intention is to make the villain as obviously villainous as he can, the victim almost incredibly innocent and unsuspecting. Poor Monica Knollys, it will be remembered, had every reason to suspect the good faith of her Uncle Silas: for in addition to plainer warnings there were airy nuncios, whisperings, unexplained (and perhaps inexplicable) behaviour of the elements. But to none of these would she hearken.

Mrs. Lowndes's heroine, on the contrary, Netta Antrobus, did deeply suspect her "guardian" (save the mark!) the pseudo Sir Ambrose Gilks: she did not believe that the gap in the deck-railing, through which, but for the hero's intervention, she would have fallen, was accidental; she believed (as was indeed the case), that, in the crowded tube station, his embrace was meant to push her under the oncoming train, not save her from it. Nor when Sir Ambrose and his precious companion, Mrs. Bird, had transported poor Netta to the French coast to recover her spirits, was she taken in by this evidence of solicitude. It was lucky that Dr. Gale again happened to be on the scene or she would certainly have been killed by a couple of passing motor-cars on to whose bonnets she so nearly fell. No; we suspect him and so did she. Our only grievance is that, knowing what she did, she let him go on "guarding" her; she was only nineteen, and had four more years of this sinister surveillance to look forward to.

Just as our credulity is being strained Mrs. Lowndes plays her trump card. Gale regards Netta as a "case," and longs to practise on her the arts of hypnotism and suggestion. Naturally psychic, she learns from her physician, while in a trance, that all her fears are groundless; Sir Ambrose is the kindest of men, her persecution mania is entirely unfounded. And so the story is given a new lease of life, and Sir Ambrose burns down the *dépendance* where Netta lives, without any one minding very much. Mrs. Lowndes's fertility in inventing incident is nicely balanced by her real interest in character; we know that what we are reading is avowedly a yarn, a "mystery-story"; and yet time and again some dexterous touch, some foray into verisimilitude, weans us from incredulity into a willing suspension of disbelief. The trap begins to close, the sense of impending doom to grow more insistent. At last Mrs. Lowndes has to face her own music, to keep up with the pace that she herself has set. The catastrophe that brings this enthralling narrative to an end is perhaps more ingenious than successful; Heath Robinson might have had a hand in contriving it.

'The Barbury Witch' is another study in cumulative horror. What, we have to ask ourselves, will Mrs. de Fevel ultimately do to her daughter, the charming Margaret, whom, behind closed doors, she ever and again "disciplines" with a stick? What, that is, more damaging than keeping her always a virtual prisoner by her side, telling her suitors she is likely to go mad, and draining away her youth? Mrs. de Fevel was a much-married woman, and may have genuinely believed that the conjugal yoke would chafe her daughter unduly. But Mr. Richardson does not allow us to credit her with such altruistic feelings. Common gossip in Barbury, of which Mr. Hickery was the mouth-piece, suggested that she was in league with Satan—a modern witch; she would see nothing of the village and (what was more bitterly resented) buy nothing from it. She lived alone with her two daughters. Roger, her son, joins the household, bringing a friend and a breath of the outside world.

The narrative discloses Roger's gradual awakening to the true state of affairs in his mother's house and his determination to get his sister out of it. The situation gains added force from the fact that the reader's knowledge of Margaret's danger is greater than Roger's; we see how slow he is, how anxious to take no violent step or see a tragedy where none exists, and we long to warn him and hurry him up. So foul a sky clears not without a storm; and Mr. Richardson does not, like a more faint-hearted writer, grudge us the storm but gives it in full measure—in a catastrophe of singular horror, a fitting climax to the book. 'The Barbury Witch' is a very effective piece of work and sustains its long crescendo of horror remarkably well. Yet we cannot help remembering a little wistfully the earlier 'High Silver,' in which a charged, electric atmosphere was suggested more delicately than it is here. Mr. Richardson has contrived to make the Barbury witch a living woman, not a property of melodrama; but he is frequently obliged to sacrifice his interest in character to the dictates of a too-dominating plot. The countryman, Hickery, is excellent, as is also Fanny de Fevel; and it is clear that the characters thrive better the further away they are from the mechanism of the plot. That Mr. Richardson knew how to write a good story needed no demonstration. 'The Barbury Witch,' though imaginative in conception, lacks its predecessor's

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 BY USING THE  
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**SHELL PETROL**

charm of detail. But it is a very readable and interesting tale.

As its name suggests, an exact plot is not the main feature of Miss Helen Ashton's new novel. The characters talk a great deal, and when the conversation is good they are illuminated and individualized by it. Miss Ashton writes with a casual, haphazard air, that seems peculiarly apt when she is describing the casual, haphazard character of Charles Endicott, a briefless barrister whom Lydia Fane had often thought of marrying. The reasons why she did not were never very plain to herself, they were so multifold; yet as the book progresses the attitude of Charles and Lydia to each other (which is far the most interesting point Miss Ashton discusses) does become plain, and the final scene, with its reticence and its acute sense of disappointment and dissatisfaction completely fulfils its intention. 'A Lot of Talk' has a quality of vagueness which is at once its weakness and its strength. At its worst, it falls definitely below the temperature that art requires, and we wish its effortlessness might be replaced by some visible straining. At its best, it succeeds very well in presenting the paler shades, the raggeder and more indistinct outlines of emotion; it commands that No-man's Land where thought does not rush out to wed itself with speech, where resolution is much more active than performance, and where the current of external life is continually modifying, though never entirely diverting, the direction that the individual would fain choose for himself.

Several good short-story writers are quite at their best in 'The New Decameron.' Miss Delafield, for instance, has never made her bitter pen serve her art more effectively than in 'Squirrel in a Cage.' Mr. Coppard, speaking through the mouth of one of his rustics, utters gems of dialect that he must surely have invented himself. Mr. Strong contributes a very touching story about the keeper of a level-crossing—an occupation so invidious that one wonders how so much pathos can be squeezed out of it. Mr. Gerald Bullett writes with a masculine grasp and a singularly deep and rich imaginative interpretation of life. Perhaps the best story of all is Miss Naomi Royd-Smith's; it made me wonder if I had ever before encountered a lodging-house in fiction.

## SHORTER NOTICES

**Advertising, Printing and Art in Commerce.** (With a Foreword by Sir Robert Hadfield.) By John F. Preston and Eric Arch. Chapman and Hall. 16s. net.

THIS is a well informed and fully illustrated manual of advertising practice. It contains so much that is good, in the way of judgment and practical information, that there is no reason why it should not have a permanent value for the student, though the authors modestly agree that the real apprenticeship to the advertising profession is best served by the study of current models and in practical touch with the printer and the process engraver. It differs from many of the so-called text-books on the subject in so far that it does set out to teach and not to preach. (The advertising expert in the pulpit is a terrible affliction.) The authors adopt the principle of setting out actual advertisements with a short criticism beneath them. Here they have not quite struck the balance. They show far too many examples of what is right and far too few of what is wrong.

In their review of each department of the advertising business, they state the pros and cons of present practice with great fairness—but to the student the most valuable section of the book is undoubtedly the last, which is an excellent survey of the arts of engraving and printing as they affect the advertiser. There are one or two minor inaccuracies. The Derby is not run on May 27, as the authors almost seem to infer from an advertisement of Eno's Fruit Salt, designed to appeal to Whitsun holiday crowds; and such well-known experts as Mr. J. Murray Allison and Mr. Joseph Thorp, whose work is drawn upon, should not have been rewarded by having their names mis-spelt.

**Table Talk of John Selden.** Edited by Sir Frederick Pollock. Quaritch. 7s. 6d.

SELDEN'S TABLE TALK has always been held in high repute, by a rather limited circle of educated readers, since its

first publication in 1689, and the eighteen or so editions which have appeared since then have been spaced out pretty regularly over the interval. This new edition appears, as of right, in the publications of the Selden Society, edited by one of its most distinguished members, from a manuscript now in the possession of Lincoln's Inn. The number of copies of the Table Talk in manuscript were probably put into circulation between Selden's death and its publication, and as each copy supplied new scribal errors, the text is corrupt, but not corrupt enough to offer any difficulty in understanding what was meant. No really critical text was produced till 1892, and the present edition is rather a critical text of the Lincoln's Inn MS. than of the Table Talk. The editorial work is as nearly perfect as anything may be; the principles on which the contractions have been expanded are altogether right, the descriptions of previous editions and other manuscripts are excellent, and the critical notes are just what is required. The book is illustrated with two good portraits of Selden and some facsimiles: it will be difficult for any future editor to improve upon it.

**Just Beyond London.** By Gordon S. Maxwell. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

YOU would not say that the Marble Arch was a very promising starting-point for a voyage of discovery. But place yourself under the expert guidance of Mr. Maxwell. Within six miles of streaming London's central roar, he will tell you there are more "fine things to be seen" than you in your ignorance had imagined. They include "a park, once the home of a princess, where stand two country mansions, whose grounds are still among the finest examples of landscape-gardening in England, and where one can yet ramble by an old farm-house in the midst of rural meadows or through delightful woods." And Mr. Maxwell is as good as his word. He takes you along the narrow main street of Brentford, which is crowded with historical associations, he invites you to inspect the ruins of Lesness Abbey, he shows you the farm at Kingsbury where 'She Stoops to Conquer' was written, and finally he leaves you—a little breathless, but vastly entertained—on Hayes Common—still, you will observe, "just beyond London." Here indeed is "topography without tears," and we are appropriately grateful. We are grateful, too, for the author's assurance that the book "is not finished."

**The Sixth Sense.** By Joseph Sinel. Werner Laurie. 6s.

MR. SINEL occupies a lonely and uncomfortable position in the spiritualistic controversy. He must, indeed, be almost equally unpopular with both sides. For he believes in clairvoyance and telepathy as enthusiastically as any spiritualist, but contemptuously rejects all supernatural explanations of these phenomena. By a long series of experiments, recorded here, he has convinced himself that every human being is more or less clairvoyant. Animals are much more so. How does the bee, or the pigeon, find its way home? Not by touch, or scent or sight, or hearing, argues Mr. Sinel—certainly not by the aid of mediums or of the Powers of Darkness. He suggests a purely physical explanation. There is a "sixth sense." And after much cogitation and many experiments with the dissecting knife, Mr. Sinel has come to the conclusion that the seat of this sixth sense must be the apparently useless pineal body, which is found in the brain of all the higher animals; and, in the case of insects, in the two minute skits called *fenestra*, of which it has been said that they are "probably organs of sense, but their function is unknown." He is a keen and lively controversialist, and he makes it all sound very plausible. In animals, for instance, the pineal body is more exposed, nearer the outer world, than in the case of man. But the same applies to children, as compared with adults; and not everyone will agree with Mr. Sinel's view that babies are obviously more clairvoyant than their elders.

**Who Goes There?** By Henry de Halsalle. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

APPARENTLY these are not the personal adventures of Mr. Henry de Halsalle, but of an individual indicated by the pseudonym "Ex-Intelligence," who was employed by the British authorities on a number of highly confidential and dangerous investigations behind the German lines during the war. Apparently, also, we are intended to believe them. The atmosphere is that of a novel by Mr. William Le Queux. We find the hero, under an assumed name, employed as a servant by a German Professor, whose advice on military strategy is so valuable that it is frequently sought by Ludendorff and Hindenburg, to whom he replies on telegraph forms which he blots on a certain blotter in his study which the British authorities would dearly love to see. Or again "Ex-Intelligence" is at a fancy-dress ball in Berlin, listening behind a screen to the conversation of two highly placed officials. Or he wanders along the coast somewhere near the Kiel Canal disguised as a pedlar, until he gets into a fight with a German naval officer whom he slays, and is only saved from the consequences by a beautiful and distinguished woman (there are beautiful and distinguished women in all these stories) who happens along and turns out to be herself on the side of the Allies. It is all very exciting and very readable. In fact, as the publishers say on the paper cover, it "grips relentlessly from start to finish," it "stirs the blood and sets the heart racing" like anything.



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TRUMPETS OF JUBILEE. By Constance Mayfield Rourke. Cape 18s.

SOME ROMAN MONUMENTS IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY. By Cara Berkeley. Sheed and Ward. 2 volumes. 18s.

THE PORT OF LONDON YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY. By D. J. Owen. The Port of London Authority. 7s. 6d.

PORCELAIN: THE SOUL OF IRELAND. By John Mackay. Benn. 10s. 6d.

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THE CLASH OF CULTURE AND THE CONTACT OF RACES. By George Henry Lane-Fox Pitt-Rivers. Routledge. 18s.

The author, who studied primitive communities in New Guinea and elsewhere, here deals with some of the principal problems which confront the administrator of backward races. The book has the approval of so eminent an authority as Mr. Havelock Ellis.

AN INTRODUCTION TO POLITICAL SCIENCE. By E. F. Bowman. Methuen. 6s.

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THE NATURAL STATE. By H. Dennis Bradley. Laurie. 7s. 6d.

This, announced with great assurance as the sixth volume of the 'Works of H. Dennis Bradley,' is the production of an amateur writer who is stated on the wrapper to delight in "dancing with good-humoured ladies and indulging in satiric banter with dull-witted gentlemen." Further comment is superfluous.

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With the exception of Verity's, which was limited to 500 copies, there has been no edition of this admirable dramatist since 1735. Mr. Brett-Smith has done his work, so far as we can judge at a first glance, very thoroughly.

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## LITERARY NOTES

A NEW firm of publishers, the Cresset Press, of Fitzroy Square, sends us an interesting announcement of its intentions. It will begin with Bacon's essays, to be published in September, in a luxurious limited edition. To judge from the prospectus, though the type chosen, Cloister old-style, is most admirable, there is too little printed surface to the crown folio page. After this important edition we are promised a translation, by the late Maurice Hewlett, of the first twelve books of the Iliad, an illustrated anthology of the less familiar old English songs, and a reprint of William Lawson's *New Orchard and Garden*.

\*

An unusual anthology has been prepared by Sir Henry Newbolt and will be published in September by Messrs. Nelson. Under the title, *New Paths on Helicon*, the editor has brought together such pieces written during the last twenty-five years as have shown successful innovation in subject or technique. Thirty-seven poets are included, and there is a critical commentary on their methods.

\*

We wait with impatience the hitherto unpublished correspondence of Warren Hastings with Sir John Macpherson, announced by Messrs. Faber and Gwyer. The letters, we are told, deal with the Carnatic troubles leading up to the arrest of Lord Pigot, with the efforts of Hastings's friends in England to defend him against the attacks of the Ministry, and with affairs in Bengal. All that we have already had of the correspondence of Hastings whets the appetite for more.

\*

From Messrs. Methuen we are to have *In and About Paris*, by Mr. Sisley Huddleston, certainly an authority on the life of the city.

\*

Chess players will welcome *My Best Games*, by Dr. Alekhin, whose opponents have included almost every eminent player. The book, which is copiously annotated, will be issued at the end of this month by Messrs. Bell.

\*

Messrs. Holden announce *A Little Pilgrim's Peep at Parnassus*, described by them as a witty rhymed history of English literature.

\*

*Nourjahad*, by Mrs. Sheridan, mother of the dramatist, is to be reprinted by Messrs. Elkin Mathews and Marrot.

\*

A new series of reprints to be issued by the Bodley Head, under the title 'The Week-End Library,' will include Richard Garnett's admirable stories, *The Twilight of the Gods*, *Hortus Vitæ*, by Vernon Lee, *Orthodoxy*, by Mr. Chesterton, and, alas, *With Silent Friends*, by Mr. Richard King.

\*

A notebook of De Quincey's, written in his eighteenth year, containing a draft of an important letter to Wordsworth, plans for proposed literary work and other matter of interest, has come to light, and will be published by Mr. Noel Douglas.

\*

*Recollections of the Irish War*, by the late Darrell Figgis, which ought to possess considerable historical value as well as literary merit, and Mr. H. G. Wells's novel dealing with the general strike, *Meanwhile*, are due shortly from Messrs. Ernest Benn.

## THE QUARTERLIES

The *Quarterly* opens with a review of 'Mr. Churchill as Historian,' by Lord Sydenham. While due praise is given to his qualities as a writer, his qualification as a military critic and his account of facts is seriously impugned. Mr. Dark writes as an expert on 'The Religion of America,' showing the strength of Wesleyanism and the Baptists, and indicating the submergence of European culture, and the influence of the chapel. Mr. Bell writes on Whaling—its dangers and lack of romance; Prof. Laski urges a new study of Machiavellian teaching; and Mr. Mayo thinks that most of the time given to Mathematics in our schools is wasted. Prof. Stanley writes on 'Greek Science,' laying stress on its achievements in astronomy, mathematics, and biology, and its insistence on quantitative determinations. Mr. Chancellor is lyrical on the subject of 'The Thames'; Prof. Thomson sums up what we know of 'Animal Behaviour' and its relation to instinct; and Mr. C. E. Lawrence writes on 'The Personality of Edmund Spenser,' avoiding the denigrating tone of M. Lègouis. Mr. Disher gives for the first time the story of the famous Ducrow and his companions in 'The Circus Dickens Knew,' and Sir John Marriott tells of the work of Canning in a paper commemorating the centenary of his death. A most interesting number.

The *Edinburgh* suggests in a paper on 'The Educational Problem' that we should adopt the Danish system of beginning higher education at eighteen for our elementary schools instead of passing on pupils at fourteen or fifteen. In this way real education is possible. Mr. Meyjes tells the history of Rubber restriction; Mr. Randall describes 'The Spirit of the New Property Legislation,' which assimilates land to personality, and is all in favour of the purchaser. Mr. Mattingley writes on 'Doles in Ancient Rome,' giving their history, but not laying any stress on their justification or origin. Mr. Coulton completes his study of 'The Inquisition,' indulging in some criticism of 'Saint Joan,' but showing its real object, its crushing bias against the accused, and its evil influence on the development of European juridical practice and criminal law. Mr. Sadleir describes the "Gothic romance," taking as his text the list of "horrid" stories selected by Miss Thorp in 'Northanger Abbey.' Mr. West writes on 'London Bridges,' past and to come; Mr. Carr describes the history and constitution of 'The Comédie-Française'; and Mr. Morrow tells of the character of 'Bismarck and Wilhelm II.'

*Antiquity* has a paper by Mr. Hooton on 'Where Did Man Originate?' which rejects the Central Asian theory entirely, and argues in favour of several independent origins. Prof. Mawer writes on 'Place Names and Archaeology.' We are surprised that he repeats the Elizabethan blunder as to Akeman Street being so-called as the road to Bath. If he will look at the 'Records of Bucks,' Vol. XI, p. 343, he will find that in the thirteenth century Akeman Street was what is now called the Ickneild Way. Mr. MacIver tells us all that is known of the Etruscans, and Mr. Collingwood shows that all Vikings were not heathen pirates. Mr. Crawford, on 'L'Affaire Glozel,' comes to the conclusion that most of the objects "discovered" are forgeries; it would seem difficult to run a large forgery factory without detection. Mr. Stevens summarizes the knowledge of 'Ancient Writers on Britain,' and Prof. Sayce sums up our advances in knowledge of 'The Aryan Problem—Fifty Years Later.' The review is fully and well illustrated, and it should be in every public library.

*Science Progress* contains, in addition to its 'Recent Advances,' papers on 'Some Factors in Flower Development' (colour and its relation to insects and beetles); 'The Chronology of Prehistoric Times' (a very useful summary showing sound judgment); 'A Short Biography of William Hyde Wollaston' (very well done); and an essay on 'Spiders in the Sea.' Among the notes and essays are papers on 'Helmholtz and his Physiological Optics' and 'New Light on the Formation of Haze and Fog.'

The *Print Collectors' Quarterly* opens with a study of 'The Wood-Engravings of Charles Ricketts,' a branch of his art which seems to have escaped the notice of text-book writers. The other articles deal with 'The Trade-Cards of Engravers,' 'Rodolphe Bredin, called Chien-Callou' (who is said to have pulled the proofs of his etchings by means of a shoe-brush and blacking), and 'The Etchings of Job Nixon.' It is needless to add that these articles are lavishly illustrated; it is one of the features of this valuable record.

The *Calendar* is, we regret to see, publishing its final number. It contains verse by Mr. W. J. Turner, Mr. Crane, and Mr. Campbell; a criticism of Mr. Wells, and a eulogy of Mr. Doughty; fiction by Rudolf Kassner and Mr. Plomer; and some notes and reviews. Mr. D. H. Lawrence on Rozanov is especially good.

*Foreign Affairs* (New York) selects its contributors from all over the world. Articles of special interest to English readers are on 'The Middle West'; Mr. A. H. Pollen on 'The Submarine'; 'France and Italy,' by M. de Jouvenel; 'War Shocks to European Commerce'; 'Soviet Recognition and Trade'; Sir F. Maurice on 'Mr. Churchill as a Military Historian'; 'The Labrador Award'; and 'Australia as a Field for Settlement' (American). This a review which no student of politics can afford to overlook.



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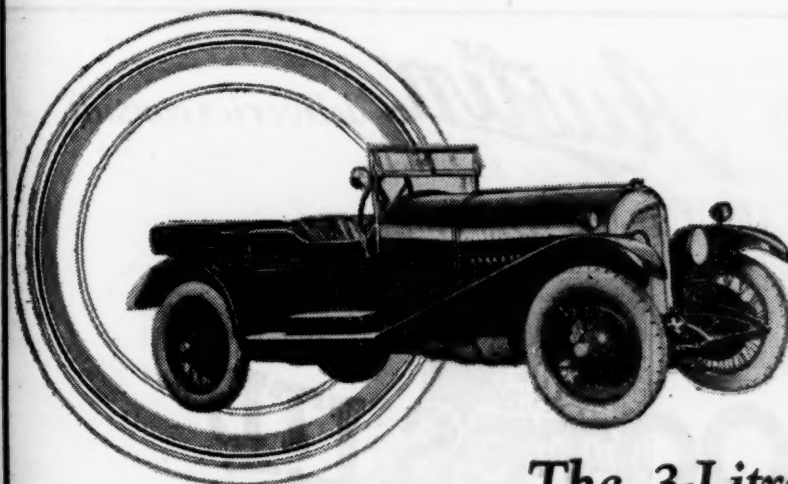
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## NEW PROPAGANDA COMMITTEE

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

**M**AKERS of motor vehicles have realized that their markets lie all over the world; they have now established a permanent International Bureau of Automobile Constructors, which held a meeting recently in Paris, in favour of international propaganda, to encourage the growth of motoring. One would have imagined that little propaganda was needed. But, as delegates from every nation that makes motors were present, including the United States of America, and Germany—for the first time since the International body has been formed—manufacturers evidently regard such propaganda as necessary. If the report which appeared in the Press was correct, the President of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce in New York proposed that world-wide propaganda should be undertaken, which the meeting adopted unanimously. The next move was to form a committee, or a sub-committee, to move direct in the matter, consisting of Mr. Roy D. Chapin, United States; Baron Petiet, France; Col. Hacking, Great Britain; and Herr Hanel representing Austria and Germany. These gentlemen have started a preliminary inquiry through the members of the permanent bureau as to the obstacles standing in the way of further development of the motor movement. These, they suggest, are excessive taxation, inadequate road conditions, lack of garage accommodation, lack of service by the garages to the public, high cost of fuel, oppressive legislation and a few other things of this character. No doubt, after the committee receives information on these subjects, the propaganda will be launched in favour of reforms, which it is hoped

will help to broaden the market for the benefit of motor manufacturers throughout the world.

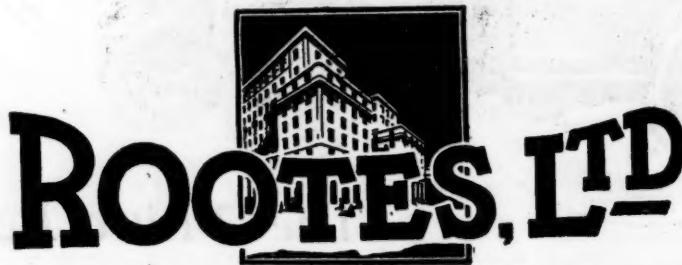
\* \*

Great Britain, of course, has her special troubles, but whereas she has the British Empire as a natural market for the British motor manufacturers, foreign nations have comparatively few colonies, and have to extend their business more or less at the expense of British makers, who find them fiercer competitors in the Colonies than in other countries. At the moment, British motorists are taxed higher than those in any other country. Moreover, there seems small chance of any reduction being made. They have, however, one consolation for paying such high taxes in that British roads are the best in the world, notwithstanding the military roads made on the Continent. Nevertheless, there is still room for improvement, especially in widening the roads; it is not so much the condition of the surface that is at fault in Great Britain, as that the narrowness of the ways restricts the rapid flow of the increasing traffic. If the propaganda commission can discover some means of altering this, without adding to the burden of the taxpayer, they will indeed have done some good work for themselves and for motorists generally, as there can be no gainsaying that the crowded roads at holiday times and week-ends, when the weather is fine, has caused many people to refrain from buying automobiles.

\* \*

Mr. W. E. Rootes, who has been on a visit to Egypt, India, Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Honolulu, Canada and the United States, to obtain first-hand information on the possibilities for the sale of British motor-cars, returned last week to England, and reported that there is every ground for looking forward to a big increase in the export of British cars in the near future. We rather fancy this is the sort of propaganda most needed by British manufacturers.

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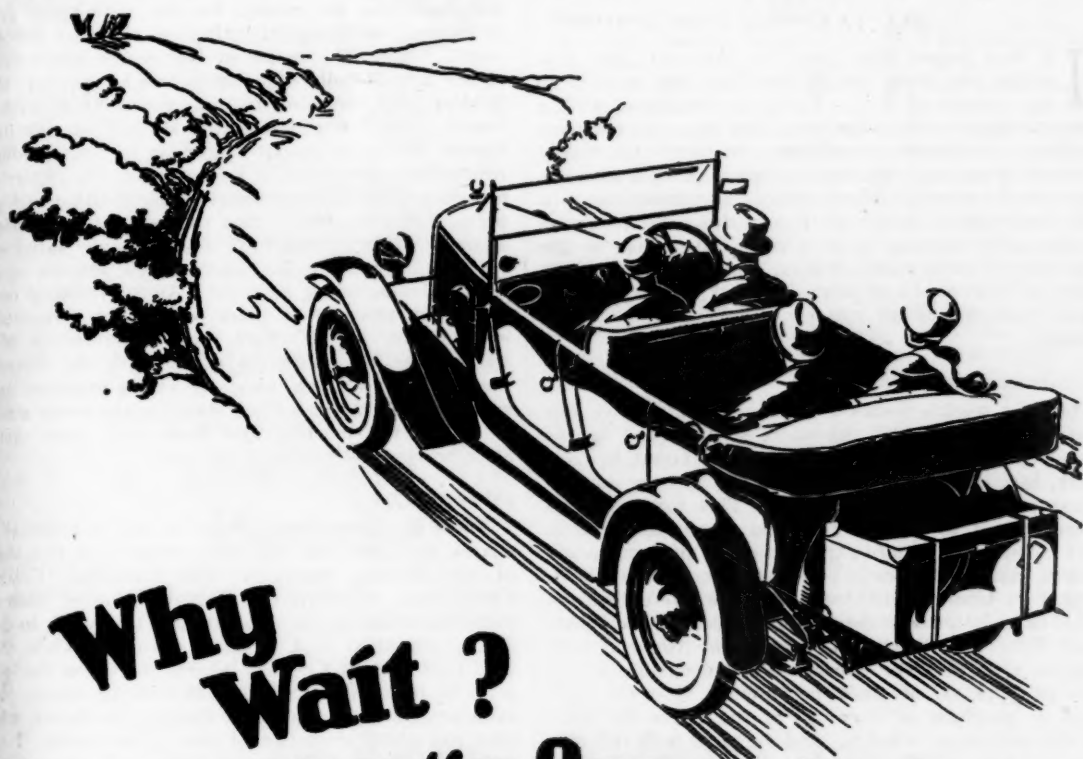
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Make the most of the long evenings while they are still here. An Austin will take you away from the town and its distractions, and bring you back refreshed and happy. In comfort, performance and economy, the 12 h.p. model has no serious rival at its price. As for reliability, an owner writes: "*My Austin 'Twelve' covered 38,000 miles in 14 months without a single involuntary stop.*" (Ref. F.N. 217.) See this fine car at your dealer's to-day.

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Write for Catalogue "C" giving full particulars of all Austin models.



## CITY NOTES

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

IT was hoped that once the Account Day was safely past there would have been an increase in the volume of Stock Exchange business, with a general appreciation of prices. This hope has not been realized. Although specialities continue to supply centres of activity, the Stock Exchange as a whole is devoid of interest. This is easily accounted for. In the first place, the proximity of the holiday season tends to an evening up of books, rather than to the opening of fresh commitments, and we are having a glut of new issues of such a varied nature that the bank balances of all classes of investors are being tapped.

## GOODYEAR DEBENTURES

Of this week's issues a particularly attractive one took the form of 6½% debenture stock issued by the Goodyear Tyre and Rubber Company, Great Britain, 1927, Ltd. The issue price was 98%, and the amount of stock issued was £800,000. This Company has been formed to manufacture the Goodyear Tyre in this country. Its share capital consists of 800,000 £1 shares, subscribed for in cash at par by the Goodyear Tyre Company of America. The interest on the debentures is unconditionally guaranteed by the Goodyear Tyre and Rubber Company of America until August 1, 1930. The debenture is redeemable at the rate of £32,000 of stock per annum after the year 1930 by purchase or drawings at 102. The flat yield on this debenture is 6.63%, and the yield with redemption in 1952 6.68%—certainly an attractive investment.

## ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL

Another interesting issue of debenture stock made last week took the form of £3,000,000 5½% Anglo American Oil Company debenture, which was issued at 98½%. The Anglo-American Oil Company is engaged in the marketing of petroleum products in the United Kingdom, and is in no way concerned with drilling for oil or other phases of oil production. It is the chief distributor in the United Kingdom and Ireland of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, and its yearly sales of motor spirit are about 20% of the total consumption in this country. The net assets of the Company are more than three and a half times the amount of the debenture stock offered. The average net profit of the last five years is more than seven times the interest requirements of the issue. This debenture appears exceptionally well secured, and is an investment stock of the highest class. It is redeemable by July, 1937, and the yield to redemption is £5 13s. 3d.½%.

## TEA SHARES

In view of the signs of increasing interest in tea shares, Stephens's Review of Tea and Tea Shares is issued at a very opportune moment. Perusal of the Review discloses the fact that those responsible for its compilation are optimistic as to the future outlook of the tea share market. The reason for this is the increasing consumption of tea throughout the world, which they quite correctly claim is the dominating factor. They point out that there is no reason to anticipate any falling off in consumption, and appear to favour an increase, in view of the fact that in many parts of the world the consumption of tea is in its infancy. The Review contains statistics concisely arranged, and suggests certain tea companies which possess bonus possibilities. Those interested in tea shares would be well advised to secure a copy which can be obtained from Bell, Stephens and Byard, Ltd., 28 Austin Friars, London, E.C.2.

## STOLL PICTURES

The directors of the Stoll Picture Productions, Ltd., in their report for the year ended December 31, 1926, point out that the results for the year show an improvement on those of either of the two preceding years, but as the result of the year's work has led to the debit balance being increased by £7,941, shareholders will presumably not feel elated with the result. Two of the directors do not concur in the report, and have issued a circular to shareholders in which they state that in their opinion the report does not give a correct impression of the position and prospects of the Company, that they consider the present administration is unsuitable for achieving satisfactory results, and that it is important to provide against further losses being incurred. At the meeting on the 27th they propose to place before the shareholders a resolution to the effect that a Committee of six shareholders be invited to confer with the Board on the position with a view to re-organization on a sounder basis. Shareholders should make every attempt to attend the meeting and form their own opinion after hearing both sides of the case.

## COURTAULDS

There has been more interest of late in artificial silk shares and attention has been centred on the shares of the British, American, and Canadian Celanese Companies. I referred to British Celanese shares in these notes last week. I would like this week to draw special attention to Courtauld shares. While those who hold British Celanese shares do so on the prospects of the artificial silk industry in the future, these same prospects must apply to Courtauld shares, which have the added attraction of past achievement. I cannot but think that Courtauld shares will show a very substantial capital appreciation if locked away for a year or two. These shares have become a popular speculative counter and at present fluctuate with general market conditions. But this factor should be ignored by the permanent investor who should eventually reap a very rich reward.

## CROMPTON AND CO.

For the fifth successive year there will be no dividend on the Ordinary shares of this Armstrong subsidiary, but the directors are none the less to be congratulated upon the results achieved during the twelve months to March 31 last. At £26,928 the profit compares with £16,446 for the preceding year, and, after paying the Preference dividend and placing £10,000 to reserve, £25,599 remains to be carried forward as compared with £18,521 brought in. A year ago there was no allocation to reserve. The great bulk of the above Company's business is in connexion with industrial motors, and competition here is of course exceedingly keen. Shareholders will learn with satisfaction, therefore, that the directors have been approached by those of F. & A. Parkinson, Ltd., manufacturers of alternative current electrical motors, and that a provisional contract has been entered into for the acquisition of all the shares of that Company. The scheme of amalgamation provides that the 7% Non-Cumulative Participating Preference shares in Cromptons become 8% Cumulative Non-Participating Preference shares, and the Ordinary shares become 6% Cumulative Preferred Ordinary.

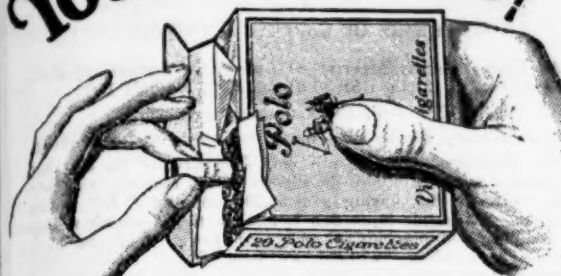
## UNITED DOMINIONS TRUST

The United Dominions Trust Limited, have issued their report for the year ended June 30 last. It shows that the steady and profitable progress of the Company has been maintained. The profit for the year amounted to £49,226 and the Ordinary shares are to receive a dividend of 7½%. The General Reserve now stands at £50,000 whilst the Trust Reserve figures at £31,227.

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They have made excellent use of their 120 years' experience to evolve a unique blend of specially selected pure Virginia tobaccos.

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### 3

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POINTS

1 MADE BY MURRAY'S—makers of Murray's Mellow Mixture—whose 120 years' reputation is your assurance of value.

2 PURE VIRGINIA TOBACCO. Only Virginia Tobacco—carefully selected and long matured—are used in "Polo."

3 A NEW BLEND which gives you a real quality cigarette of exquisite flavour, at a popular price.

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Also in  
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### Company Meeting

## MALAYALAM PLANTATIONS, LIMITED

The SIXTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of this Company was held on July 21 at 3 Idol Lane, E.C.

Mr. H. J. Welch (the Chairman), in the course of his speech, said: During our financial year 1926-27 the tea crop harvested amounted to nearly 9,000,000 lbs., being over 450,000 lbs. in excess of the crop for the previous year. The average yield per acre was 654 lbs., an increase of 21 lbs. per acre. The f.o.b. cost of production was 9.22d. per lb.—a farthing lower than last year. The average net price was slightly higher than last year at 1s. 2.42d. per lb. The present estimate of the current year's tea crop is 9,145,000 lbs., and we have harvested for the first three months ended in June 2,196,630 lbs. This is a decrease compared with last year of 336,873 lbs., and was due to the abnormal drought which existed on most of our tea estates from November till March last. The whole output of tea (excepting the crop from the two estates acquired in 1926) has been sold forward to December 31 of this year, at an average net price of 1s. 2½d. per lb. During the year approximately 700 acres were opened and planted with tea. No new estates have been acquired since our last meeting other than the Dymock Tea Estate, consisting of 425 acres of planted tea and 276 acres of reserve, which was taken over as from April 1, 1926. During the current year we hope to plant about 860 acres with tea.

The rubber crop harvested was 2,847,015 lbs., being a decrease of 29,166 lbs. over the previous year. Owing to some areas being rested, a smaller area was in tapping, but it yielded an increase of 21 lbs. per acre. The f.o.b. cost of production was 8.14d. per lb., against 8.07d. in 1925-26. The small increase in cost was more than accounted for by the amount spent on spraying. The average net price realized was 1s. 6.47d. per lb., against 2s. 1.33d. in the previous year. 795,243 lbs. have been harvested for the first three months ended in June of this year. This is an increase of 31,981 lbs., as compared with the same period last year. Of the current financial year's crop, 121 tons (or approximately 10 per cent. of the estimated crop) have been sold forward at an average gross price, London equivalent, of just over 2s. 7½d. per lb. The Superintendents estimate a production of 2,737,000 lbs. for the current year. We hope to plant during the year extensions of our present estates, amounting in all to 280 acres of new rubber.

Our Cardamon crop was 46,800 lbs., and was harvested at a cost of 1s. 7.34d. per lb., f.o.b., and realized an average net price of 3s. 6.28d. per lb. The estimate for the current year is 54,000 lbs.

The total book cost of our properties, buildings, machinery and plant at the date of the balance-sheet was £1,387,231. After providing for the dividend proposed to-day, the surplus of our liquid assets over our liabilities, as at March 31 last, amounted to £366,967, or £13 1s. 2d. per planted acre. If this surplus is deducted from our issued capital, the present net cost of our planted acreage is just over £38 per planted acre, without allowing any value for our 57 square miles of reserve land, on the one hand, or anything for the cost of bringing our immature areas into bearing, on the other.

The year's working resulted in a total profit from the estates of £330,604, derived as to £193,619 from tea, £123,970 from rubber, £4,473 from Cardamons, and £8,542 from sundry receipts and interest. Your directors recommend a final dividend of 12½ per cent. (less tax), making 20 per cent. for the year; to contribute to the Staff Retirement Fund, £5,000; and to transfer to taxation reserve, £50,000. In addition, it is proposed that £16,771 should be transferred to reserve account (which will bring that account up to £200,000), and to carry forward £54,510, against £40,626 last year.

I personally visited South India in December and January last, and had the pleasure of inspecting most of our estates. I was deeply gratified with the enormous progress and improvement achieved on the various estates since I visited them in 1919. The buildings, machinery, equipment, and roads now generally compare very favourably with all I have seen in other countries, and the great improvement in the tea and rubber, from an agricultural point of view, was evident, even to a novice in planting like myself. They looked so much healthier than in 1919. The tea has doubtless responded to the generous manuring and other cultivation, and the rubber to cultivation work and the planting of cover crops, principally Vigna.

We have just received a cable from our agents, stating, among other things, that: "The Estates are in good order, the labour position is satisfactory, and that, given favourable weather, the crop estimates are considered safe."

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

## ACROSTICS

To allow increased space for Answers to Correspondents, the Rules for Acrostic Competition are on occasion omitted. They always, however, appear at least once a month.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 279.

COMMANDING FIGURES ON THIS STAGE OF EARTH;  
WILL ANY NOBLER E'ER BE BROUGHT TO BIRTH?  
(COLLECTIVE NAMES FOR NATIONS KEEP IN VIEW,  
AND QUICKLY YOU WILL HIT UPON THESE TWO).

1. Sportive: the household deity must go.
2. An antidote once deemed by high and low.
3. This red-legged bird reverse as soon as caught.
4. Curtail a river. "What is left?" Why, nought!
5. Poor shadowy dweller in the Great Beyond!
6. "Fond of his wife?" Ay, sir, and far too fond!
7. In me the Apostle Paul afflictions met.
8. A tree, and in it a Scotch rivulet.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 277.

bO Re <sup>1</sup> E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature  
X ylograph Er cries,  
E mber S<sup>1</sup> E'en in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.  
Y eas T —Gray's 'Elegy.'  
vE tc H<sup>2</sup> <sup>2</sup> There are about a hundred different species  
D yspepsi A of Vetch.  
A ide R <sup>3</sup> Old Yew, which graspest at the stones  
I nherito R That name the underlying dead,  
S opran O Thy fibres net the dreamless head,  
Y e W<sup>3</sup> Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.  
—'In Memoriam,' ii, 1.

ACROSTIC No. 277.—The winner is Mrs. Ruth Carrick, Bramblecot, Bude, Cornwall, who has selected as her prize 'Here We Ride,' by Anthony Bertram, published by Allen and Unwin, and reviewed in our columns on July 9 under the title, 'New Fiction.' Eighteen other competitors chose this book, twenty-nine named 'Lost Kinellan,' six 'How Europe Made Peace Without America,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Ceyx, D. L., Dolmar, Reginald P. Eccles, Reginald J. Hope, Iago, Jop, Miss Kelly, Kirkton, John Lennie, Miss Bertha Lowe, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Sisypus.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armada, Baldersby, Barberry, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, Bullen, Mrs. J. Butler, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Maud Crowther, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, Hanworth, Jeff, Lilian, Margaret, Met, Oakapple, F. M. Petty, R. Ransom, Rho Kappa, Shorwell, St. Ives, Stucco, C. G. Tosswill, Twyford, Tyro, C. J. Warden, Yendu, Zyk.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Bolo, Mrs. Robt. Brown, C. H. Burton, Chailey, Chip, Dhualt, G. M. Fowler, Gay, Madge, Martha, George W. Miller, Lady Mottram, Trike. All others more.

For Lights 1 and 5 Corn and Heath are accepted. I was inclined to accept Angler for Light 7, but Sisypus kindly points out that while Anglers may be found, at certain seasons of the year, "where pleasant streamlets run"—if there are fish there—the Alder can usually be found there at all seasons.

BOSKERRIS.—Have you not overlooked the important book reviewed on p. 44, 'How England Made Peace Without America,' and another on p. 61?

MAUD CROWTHER AND FARSDON.—Your Light 3 reads Experience instead of Expensive.

D. L.—Certainly; you only lost your chance of the Weekly Prize.

MISS KELLY.—Your solution of No. 275 must have been lost in the post.

ACROSTIC No. 276.—ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Carlton, Barberry, Boskerris, J. Chambers, Coque, Maud Crowther, D. L., Dolmar, Sir Reginald Egerton, Farsdon, Rev. E. P. Gatty, Iago, Jop, A. M. W. Maxwell, Mrs. F. S. Maxwell, N. O. Sellam, Quis, Rho Kappa, St. Ives, Twyford, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, Zyk.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Robt. Brown, C. H. Burton, Chip, J. R. Cripps, Maud Crowther, Anthony George, James Hall, Kirkton, Miss Bertha Lowe, Martha, Oakapple, Polamar, R. Ransom, R. C. B., Mrs. J. M. Richey, Mrs. L. Rothera, Shorwell, R. H. S. Truell, Yendu, Yewden. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 275.—CORRECT: D. L. ONE LIGHT WRONG: A. S. Gosset.

MRS. RUTH CARRICK.—My authority says that the Aphaniptera have "indistinct rudimentary wings" (as their name in fact indicates). Aptera therefore seems to be a better answer, for the Aptera have not even rudimentary wings, but are quite devoid of them.

OUR TWENTIETH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Sixth Round the leaders are: Margaret; Gay, Madge, Hon. R. G. Talbot; Baldersby, Iago, Lilian, Sisypus, St. Ives, Trike, C. J. Warden; Armada, Mrs. J. Butler, Mrs. Ruth Carrick, N. O. Sellam, Miss Carter, Oakapple, Peter; J. Lennie, Yewden; D. L.

## Company Meeting

## BOLIVIA CONCESSIONS

## POTENTIAL VALUE OF PROPERTIES

## INCREASE OF CAPITAL APPROVED

AN EXTRAORDINARY MEETING of Bolivia Concessions, Limited, was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., on July 18th.

Mr. H. T. Campbell, the Chairman, presided.

The Secretary having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman said:—Gentlemen,—The circular we sent out to you set out very briefly the objects of the meeting, and that was owing to our having got 50,000 unissued "A" shares tied up. While this injunction is against them, we are unable to complete the purchase of our torra lands, which we have agreed to purchase, without we issue 20,000 shares. Our solicitors have advised us that to do that, owing to the present terms of the injunction, we ought not merely to issue the 20,000, but take power to issue shares up to 100,000. There is no necessity to issue more than 20,000 shares, but within the next year or two we can see that the future of the company is likely to grow to something very large, and we want to have a reserve power behind us in case it may be to the advantage of the company to issue more shares.

## IMPORTANCE OF THE OIL RIGHTS

The Chairman then referred to the value of the land, and said that half a million acres were covered with virgin forest. There was also cattle grazing and farming land which was becoming increasingly valuable. Enthusiastic reports had been received from settlers. The most important thing of all, in his belief, was oil, and they had been approached by many oil companies with a view to taking up the oil rights.

The following resolution was put to the meeting:—"That the capital of the Company be increased to £315,000 by the creation of 100,000 additional 'A' shares of £1 each, ranking for dividend and in all other respects pari passu with the existing 'A' shares of the company, and by the creation of 100,000 'B' shares of 1s. each, ranking for dividend and in all other respects pari passu with the existing 'B' shares of the company."

The resolution was carried unanimously.

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INDEED IN  
APPLE  
WINE



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DELICIOUS  
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REAL  
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MR. CHURCHILL AS HISTORIAN. By Col. the Lord Sydenham of Combe, G.C.M.G.	GREEK SCIENCE. By Professor Carleton Stanley
THE RELIGION OF AMERICA. By Sidney Dark	THE THAMES. By E. Beresford Chancellor
THE GREAT ONES OF THE SEA. By J. J. Bell	IN MEMORIAM: GEORGE CANNING. By Sir John Marriott, M.P.
MACHIAVELLI AND THE PRESENT TIME. By Prof. Harold J. Laski	THE CIRCUS DICKENS KNEW. By M. Willson Disher
SCHOOL MATHEMATICS: A PLEA. By C. H. P. Mayo	THE PERSONALITY OF EDMUND SPENSER. By C. E. Lawrence
THE PROBLEM OF DISARMAMENT. By Luigi Villari	ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR. By Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, LL.D.
	SOME RECENT BOOKS

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Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. July 25, 26 and 27

WARNER BAXTER, LOIS WILSON and NEIL HAMILTON in  
"THE GREAT GATSBY"  
From the Novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald

HELENE CHADWICK and DOROTHY REVER in  
"STOLEN PLEASURES," etc.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday. July 28, 29 and 30  
MARCELINE DAY and CHARLES DELANEY in  
"THE YOUNGER GENERATION"

JOHNNY WALKER and SYLVIA BREMER in  
"THE LIGHTNING REPORTER," etc.

Special Week's Attraction—  
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ROSINA VERNE (Contralto)

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## Literary

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## Appeal

ST. MARY, EDMONTON.—Please help this very poor parish of 8,000 people by sending cast-off clothing, boots, or "rummage" of any kind to the Mission Sister, St. Mary's Vicarage, Edmonton, N.

## 'Saturday Review' Acrostics: 23.7.1927

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